To an Inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, —— and that fadeth not away. — 1 Pet. 1. 4. ——

To an Inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, —— and that fadeth not away. — 1 Pet. 1. 4. ——

POEMS

ON

SUBJECTS

CHIEFLY

DEVOTIONAL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

A NEW EDITION.

To which is added, A THIRD VOLUME, consisting of MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

By THEODOSIA

He tunes

My voice (if tun'd) : the nerve that writes, sustains.

Night-Thoughts.

BRISTOL:

Printed by W. PINE. Sold by T. CADELL, T. MILLS, and T. EVANS;—and by J. BUCKLAND, *Paternoster-Row*, and J. JOHNSON, *St. Paul's Church Yard*, LONDON, 1780.

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HYMNS
ON
VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

Desiring to Praise God.

I.

ALMIGHTY author of my frame,
To thee my vital powers belong;
Thy praise, (delightful, glorious theme!)
Demands my heart, my life, my tongue.

II.

My heart, my life, my tongue are thine:
Oh be thy praise their blest employ!
But may my song with Angels join?
Nor sacred awe forbid the joy?

III.

Thy glories, the ſeraphic lyre
On all its ſtrings attempts in vain;
Then how ſhall mortals dare aſpire
In thought, to try th' unequal ſtrain?

IV.

Yet the great Sovereign of the ſkies
To mortals bends a gracious ear;
Nor the mean tribute will deſpiſe,
If offer'd with a heart ſincere.

V.

Great God, accept the humble praiſe,
And guide my heart, and guide my tongue,
While to thy name I trembling raiſe
The grateful, though unworthy ſong.

Imploring Divine Influence.

I.

MY God, whene'er my longing heart
The praiſeful tribute would impart,
In vain my tongue with feeble aim,
Attempts the glories of thy name.

II. In

II.

In vain my boldeſt thoughts ariſe,
I ſink to earth and loſe the ſkies;
Yet I may ſtill thy grace implore,
And low in duſt thy name adore.

III.

O let thy grace my heart inſpire,
And raiſe each languid weak deſire;
Thy grace, which condeſcends to meet
The ſinner proſtrate at thy feet.

IV.

With humble fear let love unite,
And mix devotion with delight;
Then ſhall thy name be all my joy,
Thy praiſe, my conſtant bleſt employ.

V.

Thy name inſpires the harps above
With harmony, and praiſe, and love;
That grace which tunes th' immortal ſtrings,
Looks kindly down on mortal things.

VI.

O let thy grace guide every ſong,
And fill my heart and tune my tongue;
Then ſhall the ſtrain harmonious flow,
And heaven's ſweet work begin below.

Meditating on CREATION and PROVIDENCE.

I.

LORD, when my raptur'd thought ſurveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praiſe,
And bid my ſoul adore.

II.

Where'er I turn my gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footſteps ſhine;
Ten thouſand pleaſing wonders riſe,
And ſpeak their ſource divine.

III.

The living tribes of countleſs forms,
In earth and ſea and air;
The meaneſt flies, the ſmalleſt worms,
Almighty power declare.

IV.

All roſe to life at thy command,
And wait their daily food
From thy paternal, bounteous hand,
Exhauſtleſs ſpring of good!

V. The

V.

The meads, array'd in ſmiling green,
With wholſome herbage crown'd;
The fields with corn, a richer ſcene,
Spread thy full bounties round.

VI.

The fruitful tree, the blooming flower,
In varied charms appear;
Their varied charms diſplay thy power,
Thy goodneſs all declare.

VII.

The ſun's productive quickening beams
The growing verdure ſpread;
Refreſhing rains and cooling ſtreams
His gentle influence aid.

VIII.

The moon and ſtars his abſent light
Supply with borrowed rays,
And deck the ſable veil of night,
And ſpeak their Maker's praiſe.

IX.

Thy wiſdom, power and goodneſs, Lord,
In all thy works appear;
And O let man thy praiſe record;
Man, thy diſtinguiſh'd care.

X.

From thee the breath of life he drew;
That breath thy power maintains;
Thy tender mercy ever new,
His brittle frame ſuſtains.

XI.

Yet nobler favours claim his praiſe,
Of reaſon's light poſſeſt;
By revelation's brighter rays
Still more divinely bleſt.

XII.

Thy providence, his conſtant guard
When threatening woes impend,
Or will th' impending dangers ward,
Or timely ſuccours lend.

XIII.

On me that providence has ſhone
With gentle ſmiling rays;
O let my lips and life make known
Thy goodneſs, and thy praiſe.

XIV.

All bounteous Lord, thy grace impart;
O teach me to improve
Thy gifts with ever grateful heart,
And crown them with thy love.

Redeeming Love.

I.

COME heavenly love, inſpire my ſong
With thy immortal flame,
And teach my heart, and teach my tongue
The Saviour's lovely name.

II.

The Saviour! O what endleſs charms
Dwell in the bliſsful ſound!
Its influence every fear diſarms,
And ſpreads ſweet comfort round.

III.

Here pardon, life, and joys divine
In rich effuſion flow,
For guilty rebels loſt in ſin,
And doom'd to endleſs woe.

IV.

In our firſt parent's crime we fell;
Our blood, our vital breath
Deep ting'd with all the ſeeds of ill,
Sad heirs to ſin and death.

V.

Black o'er our wrath-devoted heads
Avenging juſtice frown'd;
While hell diſclos'd her deepeſt ſhades,
And horrors roſe around.

VI.

Wrap'd in the gloom of dark deſpair,
We helpleſs, hopeleſs lay:
But ſovereign mercy reach'd us there,
And ſmil'd deſpair away.

VII.

God's only ſon, (ſtupendous grace!)
Forſook his throne above;
And ſwiſt to ſave our wretched race,
He flew on wings of love.

VIII.

Th' Almighty former of the ſkies
Stoop'd to our vile abode;
While angels view'd with wondering eyes,
And hail'd th' incarnate God.

IX.

The God in heavenly ſtrains they ſung,
Array'd in human clay;
Myſterious love! what angel tongue
Thy wonders can diſplay?

X. Myſ-

X.

Myſterious love, in every ſcene,
Through all his life appears:
His ſpotleſs life expos'd to pain,
And miſeries and tears.

XI.

What bleſſings on a thankleſs race,
His bounteous hand beſtow'd?
And from his tongue what wonderous grace,
What rich inſtruction flow'd?

XII.

The dumb, the deaf, the lame, the blind
Confeſs'd his healing power;
Diſeaſe and death their prey reſign'd,
And grief complain'd no more.

XIII.

Infernal legions trembling fled,
Aw'd by his powerful word:
And winds and ſeas his voice obey'd,
And own'd their ſovereign Lord.

XIV.

But man, vile man, his love abus'd,
Blind to the nobleſt good;
Blaſphem'd his power, his word refus'd,
And ſought his ſacred blood.

XV. Still

XV.

Still his unwearied love purſu'd
Salvation's glorious plan;
And firm th' approaching horrors view'd,
Deſerv'd by guilty man.

XVI.

What pain, what ſoul-oppreſſing pain,
The great Redeemer bore;
While bloody ſweat, like drops of rain,
Diſtill'd from every pore!

XVII.

And ere the dreadful ſtorm deſcends
Full on his guiltleſs head,
See him by his familiar friends
Deſerted and betray'd!

XVIII.

While ruffian bands the Lord ſurround,
Relentleſs, murderous foes;
Meek, as a lamb for ſlaughter bound,
The patient ſufferer goes.

XIX.

Arraign'd at Pilate's impious bar,
(Unparallel'd diſgrace!)
See ſpotleſs innocence appear
In guilt's deteſted place!

XX. When

XX.

When perjury fails to ſtain his name,
The mob's envenom'd breath
Extorts his ſentence, "Publick ſhame
"And painful lingering death."

XXI.

Patient, the cruel ſcourge he bore:
The innocent, the kind!
Then to the rabble's lawleſs power
And rudeſt taunts conſign'd.

XXII.

With thorns they crown that awful brow,
Whoſe frown can ſhake the globe;
And on their king in ſcorn beſtow
The reed and purple robe.

XXIII.

Ah! ſee the fatal croſs appears,
Heart-wounding, dreadful ſcene!
His ſacred fleſh rude iron tears,
With agoniſing pain.

XXIV.

Expos'd with thieves, to publick view—
Could nature bear the ſight?
The bluſhing ſun his beams withdrew,
And wrapt the globe in night!

XXV.

Then, Oh! what loads of wrath unknown
The glorious ſufferer felt;
For crimes unnumber'd to atone,
To expiate mortal guilt!

XXVI.

The Father's bliſsful ſmile withdrawn,
In that tremendous hour;
Yet ſtill the God ſuſtain'd the man
With his almighty power.

XXVII.

"'Tis finiſh'd," now aloud he cries,
"No more the law requires;"
And now, (amazing ſacrifice!)
The Lord of life expires.

XXVIII.

Earth's firm foundation felt the ſhock;
With univerſal dread;
Trembled the mountain, rent the rock,
And wak'd the ſleeping dead!

XXIX.

Now breathleſs in the ſilent tomb,
His ſacred body lies;
Thither his lov'd diſciples come,
With ſorrow-ſtreaming eyes.

XXX. But

XXX.

But ſee, the promis'd morn appear'd
Their joy revives again;
The Saviour lives; adieu to fear,
To every anxious pain.

XXXI.

His kindeſt words their doubts remove,
Confirm their wavering faith;
He bids them teach the world his love,
Salvation by his death.

XXXII.

Triumphant he aſcends on high,
The glorious work compleat;
Sin, death, and hell, low vanquiſh'd lie
Beneath his awful feet.

XXXIII.

There with eternal glory crown'd,
The Lord, the conqueror reigns;
His praiſe the heavenly choirs reſound,
In their immortal ſtrains.

XXXIV.

Amid the ſplendours of his throne,
Unchanging love appears;
The names he purchas'd for his own,
Still on his heart he bears.

XXXV.

Still with prevailing power he pleads
Their cauſe for whom he died;
His Spirit's ſacred influence ſheds,
Their comforter and guide.

XXXVI.

For them, reſerves a radiant crown,
Bought with his dying blood;
And worlds of light, and joys unknown,
For ever near their God.

XXXVII.

O the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliſs, a boundleſs ſtore:
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I cannot wiſh for more.

XXXVIII.

I yield to thy dear conquering arms,
I yield my captive ſoul:
O let thy all-ſubduing charms
My inmoſt powers controul!

XXXIX.

On thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath thy croſs I fall,
My Lord, my life, my ſacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.

The

The Great Physician.

Luke vi. 19.

I.

YE mourning ſinners, here diſcloſe
Your deep complaints, your various woes;
Approach, 'tis Jeſus, he can heal
The pains which mourning ſinners feel.

II.

To eyes long clos'd in mental night,
Strangers to all the joys of light,
His word imparts a bliſsful ray:
Sweet morning of celeſtial day!

III.

Ye helpleſs lame, lift up your eyes,
The Lord, the Saviour bids you riſe;
New life and ſtrength his voice conveys,
And plaintive groans are chang'd for praiſe.

IV.

Nor ſhall the leper, hopeleſs lie
Beneath the Great Phyſician's eye;
Sin's deepeſt power his word controuls,
That fatal leproſy of ſouls.

V.

That hand divine, which can allayge
The burning fever's reſtleſs rage;
That hand, omnipotent and kind,
Can cool the fever of the mind.

VI.

When freezing palſy chills the veins,
And pale, cold death, already reigns,
He ſpeaks; the vital powers revive;
He ſpeaks, and dying ſinners live.

VII.

Dear Lord, we wait thy healing hand;
Diſeaſes fly at thy command:
O let thy ſovereign touch impart
Life, ſtrength, and health to every heart!

VIII.

Then ſhall the ſick, the blind, the lame,
Adore their Great Phyſician's name;
Then dying ſouls ſhall bleſs their God,
And ſpread thy wonderous praiſe abroad.

Longing Souls invited to the Gospel-Feast. Luke xiv. 22.

I.

YE wretched, hungry, ſtarving poor,
Behold a royal feaſt!
Where mercy ſpreads her bounteous ſtore,
For every humble gueſt.

II.

See, Jeſus ſtands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come:
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But ſee, there yet is room.

III.

Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart:
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the ſoul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

IV.

In him, the Father reconcil'd
Invites your ſouls to come;
The rebel ſhall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.

V

O come, and with his children taſte
The bleſſings of his love;
While hope attends the ſweet repaſt,
Of nobler joys above.

VI.

There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thouſand thouſand ſouls rejoice,
In extaſies unknown.

VII.

And yet ten thouſand thouſand more,
Are welcome ſtill to come:
Ye longing ſouls the grace adore;
Approach, there yet is room.

Light and Deliverance.

I.

THE weary traveller, loſt in night,
Breathes many a longing ſigh,
And marks the welcome dawn of light,
With rapture in his eye.

II.

Thus ſweet the dawn of heavenly day
Loſt weary ſinners find:
When mercy with reviving ray,
Beams o'er the fainting mind.

III.

To ſlaves oppreſs'd with cruel chains,
How kind, how dear the friend,
Whoſe generous hand relieves their pains,
And bids their ſorrows end!

IV.

Thus kind, thus dear, that friend divine
Who ranſoms captive ſouls,
Unbinds the cruel chains of ſin,
And all its power controuls.

V.

Jeſus, to thy ſoul-cheering light,
My dawn of hope I owe;
Once, wandering in the ſhades of night,
And loſt in hopeleſs woe.

VI.

'Twas thy dear hand redeem'd the ſlave,
And ſet the priſoner free;
Be all I am, and all I have,
Devoted, Lord, to thee!

VII.

But ſtronger ties than nature knows,
My grateful love confine;
And ev'n that love, thy hand beſtows
Which wiſhes to be thine.

VIII.

Here, at thy feet, I wait thy will,
And live upon thy word:
O give me warmer love and zeal,
To ſerve my deareſt Lord.

A Morning Hymn.

I.

LORD of my life, O may thy praiſe
Employ my nobleſt powers,
Whoſe goodneſs lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours.

II.

Preſerv'd by thy almighty arm,
I paſs'd the ſhades of night,
Serene, and ſafe from every harm,
And ſee returning light.

III. While

III.

While many ſpent the night in ſighs,
And reſtleſs pains, and woes;
In gentle ſleep I clos'd my eyes,
And undiſturb'd repoſe.

IV.

When ſleep, death's ſemblance o'er me ſpread,
And I inconſcious lay,
Thy watchful care was round my bed,
To guard my feeble clay.

V.

O let the ſame almighty care
My waking hours attend;
From every danger, every ſnare,
My heedleſs ſteps defend.

VI.

Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodneſs fill my ſoul
With gratitude and praiſe.

An Evening Hymn.

I.

GREAT God, to thee my evening ſong
With humble gratitude I raiſe;
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praiſe.

II.

Mercy, that rich unbounded ſtore,
Does my unnumbered wants relieve;
Among thy daily craving poor,
On thy all-bounteous hand I live.

III.

My days unclouded, as they paſs,
And every gently rolling hour,
Are monuments of wonderous grace,
And witneſs to thy love and power.

IV.

Thy love and power, (celeſtial guard)
Preſerve me from ſurrounding harms;
Can danger reach me, while the Lord
Extends his kind protecting arms?

V. My

V.

My numerous wants are known to thee,
Ere my ſlow wiſhes can ariſe;
Thy goodneſs meaſureleſs and free,
Is ready ſtill with full ſupplies.

VI.

And yet this thoughtleſs, wretched heart,
Too oft regardleſs of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And fond of trifles vainly rove.

VII.

When calm reflection finds a place,
How vile this wretched heart appears!
O let thy all-ſubduing grace
Melt it in penitential tears.

VIII.

Seal my forgiveneſs in the blood
Of Jeſus: his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

IX.

Let this bleſt hope my eyelids cloſe,
With ſleep refreſh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repoſe,
And wake with praiſes to thy name.

On a Stormy Night.

I.

LORD of the earth, and ſeas, and ſkies,
All nature owns thy ſovereign power;
At thy command the tempeſts riſe,
At thy command the thunders roar.

II.

We hear, with trembling and affright,
The voice of heaven, (tremendous ſound!)
Keen lightnings pierce the ſhades of night,
And ſpread bright horrors all around.

III.

What mortal could ſuſtain the ſtroke,
Should wrath divine in vengeful ſtorms
(Which our repeated crimes provoke,)
Deſcend to cruſh rebellious worms?

IV.

Theſe dreadful glories of thy name
With terror would o'erwhelm our ſouls;
But mercy dawns with kinder beam,
And guilt and riſing fear controuls.

V. O let

V.

O let thy mercy on my heart
With cheering, healing radiance ſhine;
Bid every anxious fear depart,
And gently whiſper, Thou art mine.

VI.

Then ſafe beneath thy guardian care,
In hope ſerene my ſoul ſhall reſt;
Nor ſtorms nor dangers reach me there,
In thee, my God, my refuge, bleſt.

Searching after HAPPINESS.

I.

O Happineſs, thou pleaſing dream,
Where is thy ſubſtance found?
Sought through the varying ſcenes in vain,
Of earth's capacious round.

II.

The charms of grandeur, pomp and ſhew,
Are nought but gilded ſnares;
Ambition's painful ſteep aſcent,
Thick ſet with thorny cares.

III. The

III.

The buſy town, the crouded ſtreet,
Where noiſe and diſcord reign,
We gladly leave, and tir'd retreat
To breathe and think again.

IV.

Yet if retirement's pleaſing charms
Detain the captive mind,
The ſoft inchantment ſoon diſſolves;
'Tis empty all as wind.

V.

Religion's ſacred lamp alone,
Unerring points the way,
Where happineſs for ever ſhines
With unpolluted ray.

VI.

To regions of eternal peace,
Beyond the ſtarry ſkies;
Where pure, ſublime and perfect joys
In endleſs proſpect riſe.

VII.

There Jeſus, ſource of bliſs divine,
Our glorious leader reigns:
He gives us ſtrength to hold our way,
And crowns the traveller's pains.

VIII. Dear

VIII.

Dear Saviour, let thy cheering ſmile
My fainting ſoul renew;
Then ſhall the heavenly Canaan yield
A ſweet, though diſtant view.

IX.

Be thy almighty arm my ſtay,
My guide through all the road,
'Till ſafe I reach my journey's end,
My Saviour, and my God.

WEARY SOULS invited to REST.

Mat. xi. 28.

I.

COME weary ſouls with ſin diſtreſt,
The Saviour offers heavenly reſt;
The kind, the gracious call obey,
And caſt your gloomy fears away.

II.

Oppreſs'd with guilt, a painful load,
O come, and ſpread your woes abroad;
Divine compaſſion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

III. Here

III.

Here mercy's boundleſs ocean flows,
To cleanſe your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endleſs peace—
How rich the gift! how free the grace!

IV.

Lord, we accept with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bleſs the kind inviting voice.

V.

Dear Saviour, let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove,
And ſweetly influence every breaſt,
And guide us to eternal reſt.

THIRSTING after GOD.

Iſaiah XLI. 17.

I.

WHEN fainting in the ſultry waſte,
And parch'd with thirſt extreme,
The weary pilgrim longs to taſte
The cool, refreſhing ſtream;

II.

Should, ſudden, to his hopeleſs eye
A cryſtal ſpring appear,
How would th' enlivening ſweet ſupply
His drooping ſpirits cheer!

III.

So longs the weary fainting mind,
Oppreſs'd with ſins and woes,
Some ſoul-reviving ſpring to find,
Whence heavenly comfort flows.

IV.

Thus ſweet the conſolations are,
The promiſes impart;
Here flowing ſtreams of life appear,
To eaſe the panting heart.

V.

O may I thirſt for thee, my God,
With ardent, ſtrong deſire;
And ſtill through all this deſart road,
To taſte thy grace aſpire.

VI.

Then ſhall my prayer to thee aſcend,
A grateful ſacrifice;
My plaintive voice thou wilt attend,
And grant me full ſupplies.

The FAVOR of GOD the ONLY SATISFYING GOOD. Pſalm IV. 6, 7.

I.

IN vain the erring world enquires,
For true ſubſtantial good:
While earth confines their low deſires,
They live on airy food.

II.

Illuſive dreams of happineſs,
Their eager thoughts employ;
They wake, convinc'd their boaſted bliſs
Was viſionary joy.

III.

Begone, ye gilded vanities;
I ſeek ſome ſolid good;
To real bliſs my wiſhes riſe,
The Favour of my God.

IV.

My God, to thee my ſoul aſpires;
Diſpel the ſhades of night,
Enlarge and fill theſe vaſt deſires,
With infinite delight.

V. Im-

V.

Immortal joy thy ſmiles impart,
Heaven dawns in every ray;
One glimpſe of thee will glad my heart,
And turn my night to day.

VI.

Not all the good which earth beſtows,
Can fill the craving mind;
Its higheſt joys have mingled woes,
And leave a ſting behind.

VII.

Should boundleſs wealth increaſe my ſtore,—
Can wealth my cares beguile?
I ſhould be wretched ſtill, and poor
Without thy bliſsful ſmile.

VIII.

Grant, O my God, this one requeſt;
Oh, be thy love alone
My ample portion,—here I reſt,
For heaven is in the boon.

The transforming VISION of GOD.

Pſalm XVII. 15.

I.

MY God, the viſits of thy face
Afford ſuperior joy,
To all the flattering world can give,
Or mortal hopes employ.

II.

But clouds and darkneſs intervene,
My brighteſt joys decline,
And earth's gay trifles oft enſnare
This wandering heart of mine.

III.

Lord, guide this wandering heart to thee;
Unſatisfy'd I ſtray:
Break through the ſhades of ſenſe and ſin,
With thine enlivening ray.

IV.

O let thy beams reſplendent ſhine,
And every cloud remove;
Transform my powers, and fit my ſoul
For happier ſcenes above.

V. There

V.

There Jeſus reigns! may I be cloath'd
With his divine array;
And when I cloſe theſe eyes in death,
Awake to endleſs day:

VI.

To endleſs day! to perfect life!
To bliſs without alloy!
Where not the leaſt faint cloud ſhall riſe,
To intercept the joy:

VII.

To view, unveil'd, thy radiant face,
Thou everlaſting fair!
And chang'd to ſpotleſs purity,
Thy glorious likeneſs wear:

VIII.

To feaſt, with ever new delight,
On uncreated good,
And drink full ſatisfying draughts
Of pleaſure's ſacred flood.

IX.

O bliſs too high for mortal thought!
It awes, and yet inſpires:
Fain would my ſoul, unfetter'd, riſe
In more intenſe deſires.

X.

Lord, raiſe my faith, my hope, my he..t:,
To thoſe tranſporting joys;
Then ſhall I ſcorn each little ſnare,
Which this vain world employs:

XI.

Then, though I ſink in death's cold ſlee ,
I ſhall awake to bliſs,
And in the likeneſs of my God,
Find endleſs happineſs.

The Joys of Heaven.

I.

COME Lord, and warm each languid h ,
Inſpire each lifeleſs tongue;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our ſong.

II

Then to the ſhining ſeats of bliſs
The wings of faith ſhall ſoar,
And all the charms of Paradiſe
Our raptur'd thoughts explore.

III. Plea-

III.

Pleaſures, unſullied, flouriſh there,
Beyond the reach of time:
Not blooming Eden ſmil'd ſo fair,
In all her flowery prime.

IV.

No ſun ſhall gild the bleſt abode
With his meridian ray,
But the more radiant throne of God
Diffuſe eternal day.

V.

Sorrow, and pain, and every care,
And diſcord there ſhall ceaſe,
And perfect joy and love ſincere
Adorn the realms of peace.

VI.

The ſoul, from ſin for ever free,
Shall mourn its power no more,
But cloath'd in ſpotleſs purity,
Redeeming love adore.

VII.

There on a throne, (how dazling bright!)
The exalted Saviour ſhines;
And beams ineffable delight
On all the heavenly minds.

VIII.

There ſhall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal ſongs;
And endleſs honours to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

IX.

While ſweet reflection calls to mind
The ſcenes of mortal care,
When God, their God, for ever kind,
Was preſent to their prayer;

X.

How will the wonders of his grace
In their full luſtre ſhine?
His wiſdom, power, and faithfulneſs,
All glorious! all divine!

XI.

The Saviour, dying, riſing, crown'd,
Shall ſwell the lofty ſtrains,
Seraph and ſaint his praiſe reſound,
Through all the etherial plains.

XII.

But oh! their tranſports, oh! their ſongs,
What mortal thought can paint?
Tranſcendent glory awes our tongues,
And all our notes are faint.

XIII. Lord,

XIII.

Lord, tune our hearts to praiſe and love,
Our feeble notes inſpire;
Till in thy bliſsful courts above,
We join the heavenly choir.

HUMBLE WORSHIP.

I.

GREAT King of kings, eternal God,
Shall mortal creatures dare to raiſe
Their ſongs to thy ſupreme abode,
And join with angels in thy praiſe?

II.

The brighteſt Seraph veils his face;
And low before thy dazling throne,
With proſtrate homage all confeſs
Thou art the infinite unknown.

III.

Man, ah how far remov'd below,
Wrapt in the ſhades of gloomy night:
His brighteſt day can only ſhow
A few faint ſtreaks of diſtant light.

IV.

But ſee, the bright, the morning ſtar!
His beams ſhall chaſe the ſhades away;
His beams, reſplendent from afar,
Sweet promiſe of immortal day!

V.

To him, our longing eyes we raiſe,
Our guide to thee, the great unknown,
Through him, O may our humble praiſe
Accepted riſe before thy throne.

Praiſe for National Peace.

Pſalm xlvi. 9.

I.

GREAT Ruler of the earth and ſkies,
A word of thy almighty breath
Can ſink the world, or bid it riſe:
Thy ſmile is life, thy frown is death.

II.

When angry nations ruſh to arms,
And rage and noiſe, and tumult reign,
And war reſounds its dire alarms,
And ſlaughter ſpreads the hoſtile plains;

III. Thy

III.

Thy ſovereign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their courſe, and bounds their power;
Thy word the angry nations own,
And noiſe and war are heard no more.

IV.

Then peace returns with balmy wing,
(Sweet peace! with her what bleſſings fled!)
Glad plenty laughs, the vallies ſing,
Reviving commerce lifts her head.

V.

Thou good, and wiſe, and righteous Lord,
All move ſubſervient to thy will;
And peace and war await thy word,
And thy ſublime decrees fulfill.

VI.

To thee we pay our grateful ſongs,
Thy kind protection ſtill implore;
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues
Confeſs thy goodneſs and adore.

The Voice of the Creatures.

I.

THERE is a God, all nature ſpeaks,
Through earth, and air, and ſeas, and ſkies;
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the firſt beams of morning riſe:

II.

The riſing ſun, ſerenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inſcribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

III.

Diffuſing life, his influence ſpreads,
And health and plenty ſmile around,
And fruitful fields, and verdant meads,
Are with a thouſand bleſſings crown'd.

IV.

Almighty goodneſs, power divine,
The fields and verdant meads diſplay;
And bleſs the hand which made them ſhine,
With various charms profuſely gay.

V. For

V.

For man and beaſt, here daily food
In wide diffuſive plenty grows!
And there, for drink, the cryſtal flood
In ſtreams ſweet winding, gently flows.

VI.

By cooling ſtreams, and ſoftening ſhowers,
The vegetable race are fed,
And trees, and plants, and herbs, and flowers,
Their Maker's bounty ſmiling ſpread.

VII.

The flowery tribes, all blooming, riſe
Above the faint attempts of art;
Their bright, inimitable dyes
Speak ſweet conviction to the heart.

VIII.

Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confeſs the footſteps of the God,
And bow before him, and adore.

A Rural Hymn.

I.

TO your creator God,
Your great preſerver, raiſe,
Ye creatures of his hand,
Your higheſt notes of praiſe:
Let every voice
Proclaim his power,
His name adore,
And loud rejoice.

II.

Let all creation join
To pay the tribute due;
Ye meaner ranks begin,
And man ſhall learn of you:
Let nature raiſe
From every tongue,
A general ſong
Of grateful praiſe.

III.

Ye numerous fleecy flocks,
Far ſpreading o'er the plain,
With gentle artleſs voice
Aſſiſt the humble ſtrain:
To give you food,
He bids the field
Its verdure yield;
Extenſive good.

IV.

Ye herds of larger ſize,
Who feed in meads below,
Reſound your Maker's praiſe
In each reſponſive low:
You wait his hand;
The herbage grows,
The rivulet flows,
At his command.

V.

Ye feathered warblers come,
And bring your ſweeteſt lays,
And tune the ſprightly ſong
To your Creator's praiſe:

His work you are;
He tun'd your voice,
And you rejoice
Beneath his care.

VI.

Ye trees, which form the ſhade,
Or bend the loaded bough
With fruits of various kinds,
Your Maker's bounty ſhew:
From him you roſe,
Your vernal ſuits,
And autumn fruits,
His hand beſtows.

VII.

Ye lovely, verdant fields,
In all your green array,
Though ſilent, ſpeak his praiſe,
Who makes you bright and gay:
While we in you,
With future bread
Profuſely ſpread,
His goodneſs view.

VIII.

Ye flowers, which blooming ſhew
A thouſand beauteous dyes,
Your ſweeteſt odours breathe,
A fragrant ſacrifice,
To him, whoſe word
Gave all your bloom,
And ſweet perfume;
All-bounteous Lord.

IX.

Ye rivers, as you flow,
Convey your Maker's name,
(Where'er you winding rove)
On every ſilver ſtream:
Your cooling flood,
His hand ordains
To bleſs the plains;
Great ſpring of good!

X.

Ye winds, that ſhake the world
With tempeſts on your wing,
Or breathe in gentler gales,
To waft the ſmiling ſpring:

Proclaim abroad,
(As you fulfill
His ſovereign will)
The powerful God.

XI.

Ye clouds, or fraught with ſhowers,
Or ting'd with beauteous dyes,
That pour your bleſſings down,
Or charm our gazing eyes;
His goodneſs ſpeak,
His praiſe declare,
As through the air
You ſhine or break.

XII.

Thou ſource of light and heat,
Bright ſovereign of the day,
Diſpenſing bleſſings round,
With all-diffuſive ray;
From morn to night,
With every beam,
Record his name,
Who made thee bright.

XIII. Fair

XIII.

Fair regent of the night,
With all thy ſtarry train,
Which riſe in ſhining hoſts,
To gild the azure plain;
With countleſs rays
Declare his name,
Prolong the theme,
Reflect his praiſe.

XIV.

Let every creature join
To celebrate his name,
And all the various powers
Aſſiſt th' exalted theme.
Let nature raiſe
From every tongue,
A general ſong
Of grateful praiſe,

XV.

But oh! from human tongues
Should nobler praiſes flow;
And every thankful heart,
With warm devotion glow;

Your voices raiſe,
Ye highly bleſt
Above the reſt;
Declare his praiſe.

XVI.

Aſſiſt me, gracious God,
My heart, my voice inſpire;
Then ſhall I grateful join
The univerſal choir:
Thy grace can raiſe
My heart, my tongue,
And tune my ſong
To lively praiſe.

GOD my CREATOR and BENEFACTOR.

I.

MY Maker, and my King,
To thee my all I owe;
Thy ſovereign bounty is the ſpring,
From whence my bleſſings flow.

II.

Thou ever good, and kind,
A thouſand reaſons move,
A thouſand obligations bind,
My heart to grateful love.

III.

The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live:
My God, thy benefits demand
More praiſe than life can give.

IV.

Oh! what can I impart,
When all is thine before?
Thy love demands a thankful heart:
The gift, alas, how poor!

V.

Shall I withold thy due?
And ſhall my paſſions rove?
Lord, form this wretched heart anew,
And fill it with thy love.

VI.

O let thy grace inſpire
My ſoul with ſtrength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aſpire,
And all my days be thine.

Praise to God for the Bleſſings of Providence and Grace.

I.

ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
Kind guardian of my days,
Thy Mercies, let my heart record
In ſongs of grateful praiſe.

II.

In life's firſt dawn, my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.

III.

When reaſon with my ſtature grew,
How weak her brighteſt ray!
How little of my God I knew!
How apt from thee to ſtray!

IV.

Around my path what dangers roſe!
What ſnares ſpread all my road!
No power could guard me from my foes,
But my preſerver, God.

V. When

V.

When life hung trembling on a breath,
'Twas thy almighty love
That fav'd me from impending death,
And bad my fears remove.

VI.

How many bleſſings round me ſhone,
Where'er I turn'd my eye!
How many paſt almoſt unknown,
Or unregarded, by.

VII.

Each rolling year new favours brought
From thy exhauſtleſs ſtore:
But ah! in vain my labouring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.

VIII.

While ſweet reflection, through my days
Thy bounteous hand would trace;
Still dearer bleſſings claim my praiſe,
The bleſſings of thy grace.

IX.

Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord,
For favours more divine;
That I have known thy ſacred word,
Where all thy glories ſhine.

X.

'Tis here, I view with pleaſing pain,
How Jeſus left the ſky,
(Almighty love! ſurpriſing ſcene!)
For man, loſt man, to die.

XI.

When bleſt with that tranſporting view,
That Jeſus died for me,
For this ſweet hope what praiſe is due,
O God of grace, to thee!

XII.

And may I hope that Chriſt is mine?
That ſource of every bliſs,
That nobleſt gift of love divine—
What wonderous grace is this!

XIII.

My higheſt praiſe, alas, how poor
How cold my warmeſt love!
Dear Saviour, teach me to adore
As angels do above.

XIV.

But frail mortality in vain
Attempts the bliſsful ſong;
The high, the vaſt, the boundleſs ſtrain,
Claims an immortal tongue.

XV. Lord,

XV.

Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakneſs dies,
Compleat the wonders of thy grace,
And raiſe me to the ſkies.

XVI.

Then ſhall my joyful powers unite,
In more exalted lays,
And join the happy ſons of light
In everlaſting praiſe.

Christ the Way to Heaven.

I.

JESUS, the ſpring of joys divine,
Whence all my hopes and comforts flow;
Jeſus, no other name but thine,
Can ſave me from eternal woe.

II.

In vain would boaſting reaſon find
The way to happineſs and God;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewildered in a dubious road.

III.

No other name will heaven approve;
Thou art the true, the living way,
(Ordain'd by everlasting love,)
To the bright realms of endless day.

IV.

Here let my constant feet abide,
Nor from the heavenly path depart;
O let thy Spirit, gracious guide,
Direct my steps, and cheer my heart.

V.

Safe lead me through this world of night,
And bring me to the blissful plains,
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

LIFE and SAFETY in CHRIST alone.

John vi. 68.

I.

THOU only sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty friend;—
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

II. Whither

II.

Whither, ah! whither ſhall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of ſin and woe,
One glimpſe of happineſs afford?

III.

Eternal life thy words impart,
On theſe my fainting ſpirit lives;
Here ſweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of nature gives.

IV.

Let earth's alluring joys combine,
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One ſmile, one bleſſed ſmile of thine,
My deareſt Lord, outweighs them all.

V.

Thy name my inmoſt powers adore,
Thou art my life, my joy, my care:
Depart from thee—'tis death, 'tis more,
'Tis endleſs ruin, deep deſpair.

VI.

Low at thy feet my ſoul would lie,
Here ſafety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life is thine.

An Evening Reflection.

I.

ANOTHER day is paſt,
The hours for ever fled,
And time is bearing me in haſte,
To mingle with the dead.

II.

Perhaps my cloſing eyes
No more may hail the light,
Seal'd up, before the morning riſe,
In everlaſting night.

III.

But I've a part to live,
A never dying ray,
The ſoul, immortal, will ſurvive
The ruins of her clay.

IV.

This mortal frame muſt lie
Unconſcious in the tomb,
But oh! where will my ſpirit fly,
And what will be her doom?

V. On

V.

On the tremendous brink
Of vaſt eternity,
Where ſouls with ſtrange amazement ſhrink,
What will my proſpect be?

VI.

When the dark gulph below,
With death and horror fraught,
Reveals its ſcenes of endleſs woe—
Oh dreadful dreadful thought!

VII.

But lo! yon ſhining ſkies
Beam down a cheerful ray,
And bid my drooping hopes ariſe
To glorious realms of day.

VIII.

'Tis there my Saviour lives,
My Lord, my life, my light;
His bliſsful name my ſoul revives—
Adieu to death and night.

IX.

He conquered death and hell,
And his victorious love
Shall bear his ranſom'd friends, to dwell
In his bright courts above.

X. Jeſus!

X.

Jesus! and art thou mine?
O let thy heavenly voice
Confirm my hope with power divine,
And bid my soul rejoice.

XI.

Then shall my closing eyes,
Contented, sink to rest;
For if to night this body dies,
My spirit shall be blest.

The Excellency of the Holy Scriptures.

I.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines?
For ever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.

II.

Here, mines of heavenly wealth disclose
Their bright, unbounded store:
The glittering gem no longer glows,
And India boasts no more.

III. Here,

III.

Here, may the wretched ſons of want
Exhauſtleſs riches find:
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And laſting as the mind.

IV.

Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repaſt;
Sublimer ſweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taſte.

V.

Here may the blind and hungry come,
And light, and food receive;
Here, ſhall the meaneſt gueſt have room,
And taſte, and ſee, and live.

VI.

Amidſt theſe gloomy wilds below,
When dark and ſad we ſtray;
Here, beams of heaven relieve our woe,
And guide to endleſs day.

VII.

Here, ſprings of conſolation riſe,
To cheer the fainting mind;
And thirſty ſouls receive ſupplies,
And ſweet refreſhment find.

VIII. When

VIII.

When guilt and terror, pain and grief,
United rend the heart,
Here, ſinners meet divine relief,
And cool the raging ſmart.

IX.

Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice,
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlaſting joys
Attend the bliſsful ſound.

X.

But when his painful ſufferings riſe,
(Delightful, dreadful ſcene!)
Angels may read with wondering eyes
That Jeſus died for men.

XI.

O may theſe heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight,
And ſtill new beauties may I ſee,
And ſtill increaſing light.

XII.

Divine inſtructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near,
Teach me to love thy ſacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

The

The Influences of the Spirit of God in the Heart, John xiv. 16, 17.

I.

DEAR Lord, and ſhall thy Spirit reſt
In ſuch a wretched heart as mine?
Unworthy dwelling! glorious gueſt!
Favour aſtoniſhing, divine!

II.

When ſin prevails, and gloomy fear,
And hope almoſt expires in night,
Lord, can thy Spirit then be here,
Great ſpring of comfort, life, and light?

III.

Sure the bleſt comforter is nigh,
'Tis he ſuſtains my fainting heart;
Elſe would my hopes for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

IV.

When ſome kind promiſe glads my ſoul,
Do I not find his healing voice
The tempeſt of my fears controul,
And bid my drooping powers rejoice?

V. Whene'er

V.

Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aſpires,
Can it be leſs than power divine,
Which animates theſe ſtrong deſires?

VI.

What leſs than thy almighty word,
Can raiſe my heart from earth and duſt,
And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,
My life, my treaſure, and my truſt?

VII.

And when my cheerful hope can ſay
I love my God, and taſte his grace,
Lord, is it not thy bliſsful ray,
Which brings this dawn of ſacred peace?

VIII.

Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love,
And light and heavenly peace impart,
Sweet earneſt of the joys above.

CHRIST the PHYSICIAN of SOULS.

Jerem. VIII. 22.

I.

DEEP are the wounds which ſin hath made:
Where ſhall the ſinner find a cure?
In vain, alas, is nature's aid,
The work exceeds all nature's power.

II.

Sin like a raging fever reigns,
With fatal ſtrength in every part;
The dire contagion fills the veins,
And ſpreads its poiſon to the heart.

III.

And can no ſovereign balm be found,
And is no kind phyſician nigh,
To eaſe the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly?

IV.

There is a great Phyſician near,
Look up, O fainting ſoul, and live;
See, in his heavenly ſmiles appear
Such eaſe as nature cannot give.

V. See,

V.

See, in the Saviour's dying blood
Life, health, and bliſs, abundant flow;
'Tis only this dear, ſacred flood
Can eaſe thy pain, and heal thy woe.

VI.

Sin throws in vain its pointed dart,
For here a ſovereign cure is found;
A cordial for the fainting heart,
A balm for every painful wound.

The Intercession of Christ.

Heb. vii. 25.

I.

HE lives, the great Redeemer lives,
(What joy the bleſt aſſurance gives!)
And now before his Father God,
Pleads the full merits of his blood.

II.

Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And juſtice arm'd with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy ſmiles, and all is peace.

III. Hence

III.

Hence then, ye black deſpairing thoughts;
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful interceſſions riſe,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

IV.

In every dark diſtreſsful hour,
When ſin and Satan join their power;
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jeſus bears us on his heart.

V.

Great advocate, almighty friend—
On him our humble hopes depend!
Our cauſe can never, never fail,
For Jeſus pleads, and muſt prevail.

The CONDESCENSION of GOD.

1 Kings VIII. 27.

I.

ETERNAL power, almighty God,
Who can approach thy throne?
Acceſsleſs light is thy abode,
To angel-eyes unknown.

II.

Before the radiance of thine eye
The heavens no longer ſhine,
And all the glories of the ſky
Are but the ſhade of thine.

III.

Great God, and wilt thou condeſcend
To caſt a look below,
To this vile world thy notice bend,
Theſe ſeats of ſin and woe?

IV.

But oh! to ſhew thy ſmiling face,
To bring thy glories near—
Amazing and tranſporting grace
To dwell with mortals here!

V.

How ſtrange! how awful is thy love!
With trembling we adore:
Not all the exalted minds above
Its wonders can explore.

VI.

While golden harps, and angel tongues
Reſound immortal lays,
Great God, permit our humble ſongs
To riſe and mean thy praiſe.

The Heavenly Guest.

Rev. iii. 20.

I.

AND will the Lord thus condeſcend
To viſit ſinful worms?
Thus at the door, ſhall Mercy ſtand
In all her winning forms?

II.

Surprizing grace!—and ſhall my heart
Unmov'd and cold remain?
Has this hard rock no tender part?
Muſt mercy plead in vain?

III.

Shall Jeſus for admiſſion ſue,
His charming voice unheard?
And this vile heart, his rightful due
Remain for ever barr'd?

IV.

'Tis ſin, alas, with tyrant power
The lodging has poſſeſt;
And crouds of traitors bar the door
Againſt the heavenly gueſt.

V.

Lord, riſe in thy all-conquering grace,
Thy mighty power diſplay;
One beam of glory from thy face
Can drive my foes away.

VI.

Ye dangerous inmates, hence depart;
Dear Saviour, enter in,
And guard the paſſage to my heart,
And keep out every ſin.

God the Soul's only Portion.

Lam. iii. 24.

I.

IN vain the world's alluring ſmile
Would my unwary heart beguile:
Deluding world! its brighteſt day,
Dream of a moment, fleets away!

II.

Earth's higheſt pleaſures, could they laſt,
Would pall and languiſh on the taſte;
Such airy chaff was ne'er deſign'd
To feed th' immortal, craving mind.

III. To

III.

To nobler bliſs my ſoul aſpires,
Come, Lord, and fill theſe vaſt deſires
Be thou my portion, here I reſt,
Since of my utmoſt wiſh poſſeſt.

IV.

O let thy ſacred word impart
Its ſealing influence to my heart;
With power, and light, and love divine,
Aſſure my ſoul that thou art mine.

V.

The bliſsful word, with joy replete,
Shall bid my gloomy fears retreat,
And heaven-born hope, ſerenely bright,
Shine cheerful through this mortal night:

VI.

Then ſhall my joyful ſpirit riſe
On wings of faith above the ſkies;
And when theſe tranſient ſcenes are o'er,
And this vain world ſhall tempt no more:

VII.

O may I reach the bliſsful plains,
Where thy unclouded glory reigns,
And dwell for ever near thy throne
In joys to mortal thought unknown.

Faith in the Joys of Heaven.

2 Cor. v. 7.

I.

FAITH leads to joys beyond the sky;
Why then is this weak mind
Afraid to raise a cheerful eye
To more than sense can find?

II.

Sense can but furnish scenes of woe,
In this low vale of tears;
No groves of heavenly pleasures grow,
No paradise appears.

III.

Ah! why should this mistaken mind
Still rove with restless pain?
Delight on earth expect to find,
Yet still expect in vain?

IV.

Faith, rising upward, points her view,
To regions in the skies;
There lovelier scenes than Eden knew,
In bright perspective rise.

V. Oh!

V.

Oh! if this heaven-born grace were mine,
Would not my ſpirit ſoar,
Tranſported gaze on joys divine,
And cleave to earth no more?

VI.

If in my heart true faith appears,
How weak the ſacred ray!
Feebly aſpiring, preſt with fears,
Almoſt it dies away.

VII.

O thou, from whoſe almighty breath
It firſt began to riſe,
Purge off theſe miſts, theſe dregs of earth,
And bid it reach the ſkies.

VIII.

Let this weak, erring mind no more,
On earth bewildered rove,
But with celeſtial ardour ſoar
To endleſs joys above.

STRENGTH and SAFETY in GOD ALONE.

Pſalm cv. 4.

I.

PERMIT me, Lord, to ſeek thy face,
Obedient to thy call,
To ſeek the preſence of thy grace,
My ſtrength, my life, my all.

II.

All I can wiſh is thine to give;
My God I aſk thy love,
That greateſt bliſs I can receive,
That bliſs of heaven above.

III.

In theſe dark ſcenes of pain and woe,
What can my ſpirit find?
No happineſs can dwell below,
To fill th' immortal mind.

IV.

To heaven my reſtleſs heart aſpires:
O for a quickening ray,
To invigorate my faint deſires,
And cheer the tireſome way.

V. The

V.

The path to thy divine abode,
Through a wild deſart lies;
A thouſand ſnares beſet the road,
A thouſand terrors riſe.

VI.

Satan and ſin unite their art,
To keep me from my Lord:
Dear Saviour, guard my trembling heart,
And guide me by thy word.

VII.

Whene'er the tempting foe alarms,
Or ſpreads the fatal ſnare,
I'll fly to my Redeemer's arms,
For ſafety muſt be there.

VIII.

My guardian, my almighty friend,
On thee, my ſoul would reſt;
On thee alone, my hopes depend,
Be near, and I am bleſt.

A Funeral Hymn.

I.

WHILE to the grave our friends are borne,
Around their cold remains,
How all the tender paſſions mourn,
And each fond heart complains!

II.

But down to earth, alas, in vain
We bend our weeping eyes;
Ah! let us leave theſe ſeats of pain,
And upward learn to riſe.

III.

Hope cheerful ſmiles amid the gloom,
And beams a healing ray,
And guides us from the darkſome tomb,
To realms of endleſs day.

IV.

Jeſus, who left his bleſt abode,
(Amazing grace!) to die,
Mark'd when he roſe the ſhining road
To his bright courts on high.

V. To

V.

To thoſe bright courts, when hope aſcends,
The tears forget to flow;
Hope views our abſent happy friends,
And calms the ſwelling woe.

VI.

Then let our hearts repine no more,
That earthly comfort dies,
But laſting happineſs explore,
And aſk it from the ſkies.

Sin the Cause of Sorrow.

I.

THE pains that wait our fleeting breath,
Too oft my mournful thoughts employ;
Amid the gloomy ſhades of death,
The hope of heaven, is life, is joy.

II.

But ah! how ſoon the bliſsful ray,
With guilt o'erſhaded, diſappears;
'Tis ſin alone, that clouds my day,
'Tis ſin alone, deſerves my tears.

III. Yes,

III.

Yes, I have cauſe indeed to mourn,
When God conceals his radiant face;
And pray and long 'till he return,
With ſmiles of ſweet forgiving grace.

IV.

Then weep my eyes, complain my heart,
But mourn not, hopeleſs of relief;
For ſovereign mercy will impart
Its healing beams, to eaſe my grief.

V.

The Saviour pleads his dying blood,
Awake my hope, away my fears;
Through him I'll ſeek my abſent God,
'Till his returning ſmile appears.

Intreating the PRESENCE of CHRIST in his CHURCHES. Hag. II. 7.

I.

COME, thou deſire of all thy ſaints,
Our humble ſtrains attend,
While with our praiſes and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.

II. When

II.

When we thy wonderous glories hear,
And all thy ſufferings trace,
What ſweetly awful ſcenes appear!
What rich unbounded grace!

III.

How ſhould our ſongs, like thoſe above,
With warm devotion riſe!
How ſhould our ſouls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the ſkies!

IV.

But ah! the ſong, how cold it flows!
How languid our deſire!
How faint the ſacred paſſion glows,
'Till thou the heart inſpire!

V.

Come Lord, thy love alone can raiſe
In us the heavenly flame;
Then ſhall our lips reſound thy praiſe,
Our hearts adore thy name.

VI.

Dear Saviour, let thy glory ſhine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
'Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

VII.

Then ſhall our hearts enraptured ſay,
Come, great Redeemer, come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls thy children home.

Deſiring to Trust in God.

Iſai. xxvi. 4.

I.

Great ſource of boundleſs power and grace,
Attend my mournful cry;
In the dark hour of deep diſtreſs,
To thee, to thee I fly.

II.

Thou art my ſtrength, my life, my ſtay,
Aſſiſt my feeble truſt;
Drive theſe diſtreſſing fears away,
And raiſe me from the duſt.

III.

O let me call thy grace to mind,
And truſt thy glorious name;
Jehovah, powerful, wiſe, and kind,
For ever is the ſame.

IV. Here

IV.

Here let me reſt, on thee depend,
My God, my hope, my all;
Be thou my everlaſting friend,
And I can never fall.

WATCHFULNESS and PRAYER.

Mat. XXVI. 41.

I.

ALAS, what hourly dangers riſe!
What ſnares beſet my way!
To heaven O let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

II.

How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak reſiſtance, ah, how vain!
How ſtrong my foes and fears?

III.

O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid,
Help me to watch, and pray, and ſtrive,
Though trembling and afraid.

IV. In-

IV.

Increaſe my faith, increaſe my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting ſpirit up,
Or ſoon my ſtrength will fail.

V.

Whene'er temptation fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aſide,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My guardian, and my guide.

VI.

O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never ſtray
From happineſs and thee.

Divine Compassion.

Iſai. xlix. 14, 15, 16.

I.

THE Lord forgets his wonted grace,
Afflicted Zion ſaid;
My God withdraws his ſmiling face,
Withdraws his heavenly aid.

II. Shall

II.

Shall the kind mother's gentle breaſt
No ſoft emotion ſhare;
But, every tender thought ſuppreſt,
Forget her infant care?

III.

The helpleſs child, that oft her eyes
Have watch'd with anxious thought,
While her fond breaſt appeas'd his cries—
And can he be forgot?

IV.

Strange as it is, yet this may be,
For creature-love is frail;
But thy Creator's love to thee,
O Zion, cannot fail.

V.

No, thy dear name engraven ſtands,
In characters of love,
On thy almighty Father's hands;
And never ſhall remove.

VI.

Before his ever-watchful eye
Thy mournful ſtate appears,
And every groan, and every ſigh
Divine compaſſion hears.

VIII.

These anxious doubts indulge no more,
Be every fear suppress'd;
Unchanging truth, and love, and power,
Command thy cares to rest.

Desiring Assurance of the Favour of God.

ETERNAL source of joys divine,
To thee my soul aspires;
O could I say, "The Lord is mine,"
'Tis all my soul desires.

II.

Thy smile can give me real joy,
Unmingled and refin'd,
Substantial bliss, without alloy,
And lasting as the mind.

III.

Thy smile can gild the shades of woe,
Bid stormy trouble cease,
Spread the fair dawn of heaven below,
And sweeten pain to peace.

IV. My

IV.

My hope, my truſt, my life, my Lord,
Aſſure me of thy love:
O ſpeak the kind tranſporting word,
And bid my fears remove.

V.

Then ſhall my thankful powers rejoice,
And triumph in my God,
Till heavenly rapture tune my voice
To ſpread thy praiſe abroad.

HOPE encouraged in the contemplation of the DIVINE PERFECTIONS.

I.

WHY ſinks my weak deſponding mind?
Why heaves my heart the anxious ſigh?
Can ſovereign goodneſs be unkind?
Am I not ſafe, if God is nigh?

II.

He holds all nature in his hand:
That gracious hand on which I live,
Does life, and time, and death command,
And has immortal joys to give.

III.

'Tis he ſupports this fainting frame,
On him alone my hopes recline;
The wondrous glories of his name,
How wide they ſpread! how bright they ſhine!

IV.

Infinite wiſdom! boundleſs power!
Unchanging faithfulneſs and love!
Here let me truſt, while I adore,
Nor from my refuge e'er remove.

V.

My God, if thou art mine indeed,
Then I have all my heart can crave;
A preſent help in times of need,
Still kind to hear, and ſtrong to ſave.

VI.

Forgive my doubts, O gracious Lord,
And eaſe the ſorrows of my breaſt;
Speak to my heart the healing word,
That thou art mine,—and I am bleſt.

The Incarnate Saviour.

John 1. 14.

I.

AWAKE, awake the ſacred ſong,
To our incarnate Lord:
Let every heart, and every tongue,
Adore the eternal word.

II.

That awful word, that ſovereign power,
By whom the worlds were made;
(O happy morn! illuſtrious hour!)
Was once in fleſh array'd.

III.

Then ſhone almighty power and love,
In all their glorious forms,
When Jeſus left his throne above,
To dwell with ſinful worms.

IV.

To dwell with miſery below,
The Saviour left the ſkies;
And ſunk to wretchedneſs and woe,
That worthleſs man might riſe.

V.

Adoring angels tun'd their ſongs
To hail the joyful day:
With rapture then, let mortal tongues
Their grateful worſhip pay!

VI.

What glory, Lord, to thee is due?
With wonder we adore;
But could we ſing as angels do,
Our higheſt praiſe were poor.

FAITH in GOD in time of DISTRESS.

Hab. III. 17, 18.

I.

SHOULD famine o'er the mourning field
Extend her deſolating reign,
Nor ſpring her blooming beauties yield,
Nor autumn ſwell the foodful grain:

II.

Should lowing herds and bleating ſheep
Around their famiſh'd maſter die;
And hope itſelf deſpairing weep,
While life deplores its laſt ſupply:

III. Amid

III.

Amid the dark, the deathful ſcene,
If I can ſay, the Lord is mine,
The joy ſhall triumph o'er the pain,
And glory dawn, though life decline.

IV.

The God of my ſalvation lives,
My nobler life he will ſuſtain;
His word immortal vigour gives,
Nor ſhall my glorious hopes be vain.

V.

Thy preſence, Lord, can cheer my heart,
Though every earthly comfort die;
Thy ſmile can bid my pains depart,
And raiſe my ſacred pleaſures high.

VI.

O let me hear thy bliſsful voice,
Inſpiring life and joys divine!
The barren deſart ſhall rejoice,
'Tis paradiſe if thou art mine.

Pardoning Love. Jer. iii. 22. Hos. xiv. 4.

II.

How oft, alas, this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

III.

Yet sovereign mercy calls, Return:
Dear Lord, and may I come!
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
Oh take the wanderer home.

III.

And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live
To speak thy wonderous love!

IV.

Almighty grace, thy healing power
How glorious how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

V.

Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

The Goodness of God.

Nahum I. 7.

I.

YE humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise;
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.

II.

All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

III.

He gave his son, his only son,
To ransom rebel worms;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its divinest forms.

IV. To

IV.

To this dear refuge, Lord, we come;
'Tis here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

V.

Thy eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward,
With bliss divinely free.

VI.

Great God, to thy almighty love,
What honours shall we raise?
Not all the rapt'rous songs above
Can render equal praise.

True Honour. Dan. xii. 3.

I.

THERE is a glorious world on high,
Resplendent with eternal day;
Faith views the blissful prospect nigh,
While God's own word reveals the way.

II. There

II.

There ſhall the favorites of the Lord
With never fading luſtre ſhine;
Surprizing honour! vaſt reward
Conferr'd on man, by love divine!

III.

How bleſt are thoſe, how truly wiſe,
Who learn and keep the ſacred road!
Happy the men, whom heaven employs
To turn rebellious hearts to God!

IV.

To win them from the fatal way,
Where erring folly thoughtleſs roves;
And that bleſt righteouſneſs diſplay,
Which Jeſus wrought, and God approves.

V.

The ſhining firmament ſhall fade,
And ſparkling ſtars reſign their light;
But theſe ſhall know nor change, nor ſhade,
For ever fair, for ever bright.

VI.

No fancied joy beyond the ſky,
No fair deluſion is reveal'd;
'Tis God that ſpeaks, who cannot lie,
And all his word muſt be fulfill'd.

VII.

And ſhall not theſe cold hearts of ours
Be kindled at the glorious view?
Come, Lord, awake our active powers,
Our feeble, dying ſtrength renew.

VIII.

On wings of faith and ſtrong deſire,
O may our ſpirits daily riſe;
And reach at laſt the ſhining choir,
In the bright manſions of the ſkies.

DIVINE BOUNTY. Col. i. 19.

I.

LORD, we adore thy boundleſs grace,
The heights and depths unknown,
Of pardon, life, and joy, and peace,
In thy beloved ſon.

II.

O wonderous gift of love divine,
Dear ſource of every good!
Jeſus, in thee what glories ſhine!
How rich thy flowing blood!

III.

Come, all ye pining, hungry poor,
The Saviour's bounty taſte;
Behold a never-failing ſtore,
For every willing gueſt.

IV.

Here ſhall your numerous wants receive
A free, a full ſupply:
He has unmeaſur'd bliſs to give,
And joys that never die.

V.

Can thoſe, who hear the Saviour's voice,
Prefer earth's empty toys,
(Ah, wretched ſouls! ah, fatal choice!)
To everlaſting joys?

VI.

Lord, bring unwilling ſouls to thee,
With ſweet reſiſtleſs power;
Thy boundleſs grace, let rebels ſee,
And at thy feet adore.

The Heavenly Conqueror.

Rev. iii. 21.

I.

To Jesus, our victorious Lord,
The praises of our lives belong;
For ever be his name ador'd:
Sweet theme of every thankful song.

II.

Lost in despair, beset with foes,
Undone, and perishing we lay;
His pity melted o'er our woes,
And sav'd the trembling, dying prey.

III.

He fought, he conquer'd, though he fell,
While with his last expiring breath,
He triumph'd o'er the powers of hell,
And by his dying vanquish'd death.

IV.

Now on his Father's throne he reigns,
And all the tuneful choir above
Resound in high immortal strains,
The praises of victorious love.

V. Though

V.

Though ſtill reviving foes ariſe,
Temptations, ſins, and doubts appear,
And pain our hearts, and fill our eyes
With many a groan, and many a tear:

VI.

Still ſhall we fight, and ſtill prevail,
In our almighty leader's name;
His ſtrength, whene'er our ſpirits fail,
Shall all our active powers inflame.

VII.

Immortal honours wait above,
To crown the dying conqueror's brow;
And endleſs peace, and joy, and love,
For the ſhort war ſuſtain'd below.

VIII.

Exalted near their Saviour's ſeat,
His ſaints ſhall dwell, their dangers o'er,
And caſt their crowns beneath his feet,
And love, and wonder, and adore.

LONG-

LONGING after UNSEEN PLEASURES.

2 Cor. IV. 18.

I.

HOW long ſhall earth's alluring toys
Detain our hearts and eyes;
Regardleſs of immortal joys,
And ſtrangers to the ſkies?

II.

Theſe tranſient ſcenes will ſoon decay,
They fade upon the ſight;
And quickly will their brighteſt day
Be loſt in endleſs night.

III.

Their brighteſt day, alas, how vain!
With conſcious ſighs we own;
While clouds of ſorrow, care and pain,
O'erſhade the ſmiling noon.

IV.

O could our thoughts and wiſhes fly,
Above theſe gloomy ſhades,
To thoſe bright worlds beyond the ſky
Which ſorrow ne'er invades.

V. There

V.

There joys unſeen by mortal eyes,
Or reaſon's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming proſpect riſe,
Unconſcious of decay.

VI.

Lord, ſend a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim;
With one reviving touch of thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.

VII.

Then ſhall on faith's ſublimeſt wing
Our ardent wiſhes riſe
To thoſe bright ſcenes, where pleaſures ſpring
Immortal in the ſkies.

The CHRISTIAN'S PROSPECT.

I.

HAPPY the ſoul, whoſe wiſhes climb
To manſions in the ſkies!
He looks on all the joys of time,
With undeſiring eyes.

II.

In vain ſoft pleaſure ſpreads her charms,
And throws her ſilken chain;
And wealth and fame invite his arms,
And tempt his ear in vain.

III.

He knows that all theſe glittering things
Muſt yield to ſure decay;
And ſees on time's extended wings,
How ſwift they fleet away!

IV.

Nor low to earth in ſorrow bends,
When pains and cares invade;
With cheerful wing his faith aſcends
Above the gloomy ſhade.

V.

To things unſeen by mortal eyes,
A beam of ſacred light
Directs his view, his proſpects riſe,
All permanent and bright.

VI.

His hopes are fix'd on joys to come;
Thoſe bliſsful ſcenes on high,
Shall flouriſh in immortal bloom,
When time and nature die.

VII.

O were theſe heavenly proſpects mine,
Theſe pleaſures could I prove,
Earth's fleeting views I would reſign,
And raiſe my hopes above.

Life a Journey.

I.

LIFE is a journey, heaven my home,
And ſhall I negligently ſtray?
In paths of danger heedleſs roam,
Forget my guide, forget my way?

II.

Think, O my ſoul, each flying hour
Thy folly chides, thy ſpeed alarms;
And ſhall an inſect, or a flower
Amuſe thee with their painted charms?

III.

Such are the objects earth diſplays,
To tempt my ſtay, and gain my heart!
And ſhall I fondly, vainly gaze?
Ye ſhining trifles, hence depart.

IV.

O think what glorious ſcenes above,
In bright unbounded proſpect riſe!
Nor let one vagrant paſſion rove,
Nor leave a wiſh below the ſkies.

V.

But ah! how weak my beſt deſires,
My warmeſt ardours ſoon decay;
My fainting ſoul 'till grace inſpires,
Can ne'er purſue the heavenly way.

VI.

On thee I lean, all-gracious God,
O breathe new life through all my powers,
Teach me to keep thy ſacred road,
And well improve my remnant hours.

True Happiness to be found only in God.

I.

WHEN fancy ſpreads her boldeſt wings
And wanders unconfin'd,
Amid the unbounded ſcene of things
Which entertain the mind:

II. In

II.

In vain I trace creation o'er,
In ſearch of ſacred reſt;
The whole creation is too poor,
Too mean, to make me bleſt.

III.

In vain would this low world employ,
Each flattering ſpecious wile;
There's nought can yield a real joy,
But my Creator's ſmile.

IV.

Let earth and all her charms depart,
Unworthy of the mind;
In God alone, this reſtleſs heart
An equal bliſs can find.

V.

Great ſpring of all felicity,
To whom my wiſhes tend,
Do not theſe wiſhes riſe from thee,
And in thy favour end?

VI.

Thy favour, Lord, is all I want,
Here would my ſpirit reſt;
O ſeal the rich, the boundleſs grant,
And make me fully bleſt.

Lasting Happiness.

I.

IN vain my roving thoughts would find
A portion worthy of the mind;
On earth my ſoul can never reſt,
For earth can never make me bleſt.

II.

Can laſting happineſs be found
Where ſeaſons roll their haſty round,
And days and hours, with rapid flight,
Sweep cares and pleaſures out of ſight?

III.

Ariſe my thoughts, my heart ariſe,
Leave this low world and ſeek the ſkies;
There joys for ever, ever laſt,
When ſeaſons, days and hours are paſt.

IV.

Come, Lord, thy powerful grace impart,
Thy grace can raiſe my wandering heart
To pleaſure perfect and ſublime,
Unmeaſur'd by the wings of time.

V. Let

V.

Let thoſe bright worlds of endleſs joy,
My thoughts, my hopes, my cares employ,
No more, ye reſtleſs paſſions, roam,
God is my bliſs, and heaven my home.

Bidding ADIEU TO EARTHLY PLEASURES.

I.

YE gay deceivers of the mind,
Ye dreams of happineſs, adieu;
No more your ſoft enchantments bind,
This heart was never made for you.

II.

The brighteſt joy your ſmile can boaſt,
Is but a moment's glittering light;
It ſparkles now, and now 'tis loſt,
Extinguiſh'd in the ſhades of night.

III.

Begone, with all your ſoothing charms;
Pleaſure on earth!—O empty name!
Superior joy my boſom warms,
And heaven approves the ſacred flame.

IV.

To perfect bliſs my ſoul aſpires,
That ſhines with never fading ray!
No leſs can ſatiate my deſires,
Than full delight, and endleſs day.

V.

Bleſt be the kind, the gracious power,
That gently call'd and bade me riſe;
And taught my nobler thoughts to ſoar
To happineſs beyond the ſkies.

LONGING for IMMORTALITY.

2 Cor. v. 4; Rom viii. 23
Heb 2. 14. 1 Pet. i. 6, 7

I.

SAD priſoners in a houſe of clay,
With ſins, and griefs, and pains oppreſt,
We groan the lingering hours away,
And wiſh, and long to be releaſt.

II.

Nor is it liberty alone,
Which prompts our reſtleſs ardent ſighs;
For immortality we groan,
For robes and manſions in the ſkies.

III. Eternal

III.

Eternal manſions! bright array!
O bleſt exchange! tranſporting thought!
Free from the approaches of decay,
Or the leaſt ſhadow of a ſpot!

IV.

There ſhall mortality no more
Its wide extended empire boaſt,
Forgotten all its dreadful power,
In life's unbounded ocean loſt.

V.

Bright world of bliſs! O could I ſee
One ſhining glimpſe, one cheerful ray
(Fair dawn of immortality!)
Break through theſe tottering walls of clay.

VI.

Jeſus, in thy dear name I truſt,
My light, my life, my Saviour God;
When this frail houſe diſſolves in duſt,
O raiſe me to thy bright abode.

At the FUNERAL of a YOUNG PERSON.

I.

WHEN blooming youth is ſnatch'd away
By death's reſiſtleſs hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity muſt demand.

II.

While pity prompts the riſing ſigh,
O may this truth, impreſt
With awful power—I too muſt die—
Sink deep in every breaſt.

III.

Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us ſeize the preſent hour,
To morrow, death may come.

IV.

The voice of this alarming ſcene,
May every heart obey,
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

V. O let

V.

O let us fly, to Jeſus fly,
Whoſe powerful arm can ſave;
Then ſhall our hopes aſcend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

VI.

Great God, thy ſovereign grace impart,
With cleanſing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart,
For death's ſurprizing hour.

SIN the STING of DEATH.

I.

DEATH! 'tis a name with terror fraught;
It rends the guilty heart,
When conſcience wakes remorſeful thought,
With agonizing ſmart.

II.

'Tis guilt alone provokes that frown
Which all the ſoul alarms;
Gives terror to the monarch's crown,
And conqueſt to his arms!

III. Dear

III.

Dear Saviour, thy victorious love
Can all his force controul,
Can bid the pangs of guilt remove,
And cheer the trembling ſoul.

IV.

Victorious love! thy wonderous power
From ſin and death can raiſe;
Can gild the dark departing hour,
And tune its groans to praiſe.

V.

Then ſhall the joyful ſpirit ſoar
To life beyond the ſkies,
Where gloomy death can frown no more,
And guilt and terror dies.

VI.

No more, O pale deſtroyer, boaſt
Thy univerſal ſway;
To heaven-born ſouls thy ſting is loſt,
Thy night, the gates of day.

The

The PRESENCE of CHRIST the JOY of his PEOPLE.

I.

THE wondering nations have beheld
The ſacred prophecy fulfill'd,
And angels hail'd the glorious morn
That ſaw the great Meſſiah born:

II.

The prince! the Saviour, long deſir'd,
Whom prophets taught, by heaven inſpir'd,
And ſhew'd far off the bliſsful day;
Riſe o'er the world with healing ray.

III.

Oft in the temples of his grace
His ſaints behold his ſmiling face,
And oft have ſeen his glory ſhine,
With power and majeſty divine:

IV.

But ſoon alas, his abſence mourn,
And pray and wiſh his kind return;
Without his life-inſpiring light,
'Tis all a ſcene of gloomy night.

V. Come,

V.

Come, dearest Lord, thy children cry,
Our graces droop, our comforts die:
Return, and let thy glories rise,
Again to our admiring eyes:

VI.

'Till fill'd with light, and joy, and love,
Thy courts below, like those above,
Triumphant hallelujahs raise,
And heaven and earth resound thy praise.

Absence from God.

C. M. Steele

I.

O Thou, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye:

II.

See! low before thy throne of grace
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, Return?

III. And

III.

And ſhall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only ſafe retreat.

IV.

Abſent from thee, my guide, my light,
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How deſolate my way!

V.

O ſhine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy ſhine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taſte of joys divine.

VI.

Thy preſence only can beſtow
Delights which never cloy;
Be this my ſolace, here below,
And my eternal joy.

Deſiring a taſte of REAL JOY.

I.

WHY ſhould my ſpirit cleave to earth,
This neſt of worms, this vile abode?
Why thus forget her nobler birth,
Nor wiſh to trace the heavenly road?

II.

How barren of ſincere delight,
Are all the faireſt ſcenes below!
Though beauteous colours charm the ſight,
They only varniſh real woe.

III.

Were I to mount the flying wind,
And ſearch the wide creation round,
There's nothing here to ſuit the mind;
On earth no ſolid joy is found.

IV.

Oh! could my weary ſpirit riſe,
And panting with intenſe deſire,
Reach the bright manſions in the ſkies,
And mix among the bliſsful choir:

V. How

V.

How ſhould I look, with pitying eye,
On this low world of gloomy care,
And wonder, how my ſoul could lie
Wrapp'd up in ſhades and darkneſs there!

VI.

Say, happy natives of the ſky,
What is it makes your heaven above?
You dwell beneath your father's eye,
And feaſt for ever on his love.

VII.

My God, thy preſence can impart
A glimpſe of heaven to earth and night;
O ſmile, and bleſs my mournful heart,
Sweet foretaſte of ſincere delight.

VIII.

Then ſhall my ſoul contented ſtay
'Till my Redeemer calls me home:
Yet let me oft with tranſport ſay,
"Come, O my Lord, my Saviour, come."

"Doubtless thou art our Father"—
Isa. 2 xiii. 16; 2 xiv. 6; 1 Chron.
xxix, 10

~~Humble Reliance.~~

C. M. Steele

I.

MY God, my Father, bliſsful name!
O may I call thee mine,
May I with ſweet aſſurance claim
A portion ſo divine?

II.

This only can my fears controul,
And bid my ſorrows fly;
What harm can ever reach my ſoul,
Beneath my Father's eye?

III.

Whate'er thy providence denies,
I calmly would reſign,
For thou art juſt, and good, and wiſe;
O bend my will to thine.

IV.

Whate'er thy ſacred will ordains,
O give me ſtrength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And truſt his tender care.

V. If

V.

If pain and ſickneſs rend this frame,
And life almoſt depart,
Is not thy mercy ſtill the ſame,
To cheer my drooping heart?

VI.

If cares and ſorrows me ſurround,
Their power why ſhould I fear?
My inward peace they cannot wound,
If thou, my God, art near.

VII.

Thy ſovereign ways are all unknown
To my weak, erring ſight;
Yet let my ſoul, adoring, own
That all thy ways are right.

VIII.

My God, my Father, be thy name
My ſolace and my ſtay;
O wilt thou ſeal my humble claim,
And drive my fears away.

The Presence of God the Life and Light of the Soul.

I.

MY God, my hope, if thou art mine,
Why ſhould my ſoul with ſorrow pine?
On thee alone I caſt my care;
O leave me not in dark deſpair.

II.

Though every comfort ſhould depart,
And life forſake this drooping heart;
One ſmile from thee, one bliſsful ray,
Can chaſe the ſhades of death away.

III.

My God, my life, if thou appear,
Not death itſelf can make me fear;
Thy preſence cheers the ſable gloom,
And gilds the horrors of the tomb.

IV.

Not all its horrors can affright,
If thou appear, my God, my light;
Thy love ſhall all my fears controul,
And glory dawn around my ſoul.

V. Should

V.

Should all created bleſſings fade,
And mourning nature, diſarray'd,
Deplore her every charm withdrawn,
Light, hope and joy, for ever gone.

VI.

Though nought remain below the ſky,
To pleaſe my taſte, my ear, my eye,
Be thou my hope, my life, my light,
Amid the univerſal night.

VII.

My God, be thou for ever nigh;
Beneath the radiance of thine eye,
My hope, my joy, ſhall ever riſe,
Nor terminate below the ſkies.

Reſigning the HEART to GOD.

Pſalm CXIX. 94.

I.

THEE, deareſt Lord, my ſoul adores,
I would be thine, and only thine,
To thee, my heart and all its powers,
With full conſent, I would reſign.

II.

But ah! this weak inconſtant mind,
How frail, how apt from thee to ſtray!
Trifles, as empty as the wind,
Can tempt my roving thoughts away.

III.

Sure I am thine—or why this load
When earthly vanities beguile?
Why do I mourn my abſent God,
And languiſh for thy cheering ſmile?

IV.

If thou return, how ſweet the joy,
Though mix'd with penitential ſmart!
Then I deſpiſe each tempting toy,
And long to give thee all my heart.

V.

Come, Lord, thy ſaving power diſplay,
(Reſiſtleſs power of love divine!)
And drive thy hated foes away,
And make me thine, and only thine.

Prov. xxviii. 26; Jer. xvii. 9; Prov. iii. 5.

The Inconstant Heart.

L. M. Steele

I.

AH! wretched, vile, ungrateful heart,
That can from Jesus thus depart,
Thus fond of trifles vainly rove,
Forgetful of a Saviour's love!

II.

In vain I charge my thoughts to stay,
And chide each vanity away,
In vain, alas! resolve to bind
This rebel heart, this wandering mind.

III.

Through all resolves, how soon it flies!
And mocks the weak, the slender ties!
There's nought beneath a power divine,
That can this roving heart confine.

IV.

Jesus, to thee, I would return,
At thy dear feet repentant mourn;
There let me view thy pardoning love,
And never from thy sight remove.

V.

O let thy love with ſweet controul,
Bind all the paſſions of my ſoul,
Bid every vanity depart,
And dwell for ever in my heart.

Cold Affections,

I.

SURE I muſt love the Saviour's name—
Or is the heaven-born paſſion dead,
Extinguiſh'd the celeſtial flame,
And all my joys for ever fled?

II.

At the ſweet mention of his love,
How ſhould the ſacred ardour riſe!
And every thought, tranſported, move
In grateful joy, and glad ſurprize.

III.

Jeſus demands this heart of mine,
Demands my wiſh, my joy, my care;
But ah! how dead to things divine,
How cold my beſt affections are!

IV. What

IV.

What death-like lethargy detains
My captive powers with fatal art,
And ſpreads its unrelenting chains
Heavy and cold, around my heart!

V.

'Tis ſin, alas! with dreadful power
Divides my Saviour from my ſight;
O for one happy, ſhining hour
Of ſacred freedom, ſweet delight!

VI.

See, deareſt Lord, my wretched ſtate,
And thy almighty power employ;
To thee I ſeek, on thee I wait,
For life, and liberty and joy.

VII.

O let thy love ſhine forth, and raiſe
My captive powers from ſin and death;
And fill my heart and life with praiſe,
And tune my laſt expiring breath.

VIII.

Then bear me to the bliſsful ſeats
Of perfect freedom, life and light,
Where thy redeem'd aſſembly meets,
To love and praiſe with full delight.

IX. There

IX.

There ſhall my thoughts tranſported trace,
And all my ſoul for ever prove,
The boundleſs riches of thy grace,
The endleſs wonders of thy love.

The EXAMPLE of CHRIST.

I.

AND is the goſpel, peace and love?
Such let our converſation be;
The ſerpent blended with the dove,
Wiſdom and meek ſimplicity.

II.

Whene'er the angry paſſions riſe,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to ſtrife,
To Jeſus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the chriſtian life!

III.

O how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And theſe the rules by which we live.

IV. To

IV.

To do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life, divinely bright!

V.

Diſpenſing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love;
O, if we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.

VI.

But ah how blind! how weak we are!
How frail! how apt to turn aſide!
Lord, we depend upon thy care,
And aſk thy ſpirit for our guide.

VII.

Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be;
Make us by thy transforming grace,
Dear Saviour, daily more like thee.

RETIREMENT and REFLECTION.

HENCE, vain, intruding world depart,
No more allure nor vex my heart;
Let every vanity be gone,
I would be peaceful and alone.

II.

Here let me ſearch my inmoſt mind,
And try its real ſtate to find,
The ſecret ſprings of thought explore,
And call my words and actions o'er.

III.

Reflect how ſoon my life will end,
And think on what my hopes depend,
What aim my buſy thoughts purſue,
What work is done, and what to do.

IV.

Eternity is juſt at hand;
And ſhall I waſte my ebbing ſand,
And careleſs view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away?

V. Eternity,

V.

Eternity, tremendous ſound!
To guilty ſouls, a dreadful wound;
But Oh! if Chriſt and heaven be mine,
How ſweet the accents! how divine!

VI.

Be this my chief, my only care,
My high purſuit, my ardent prayer,
An intereſt in the Saviour's blood,
My pardon ſeal'd, and peace with God.

VII.

But ſhould my brighteſt hopes be vain,
The riſing doubt, how ſharp its pain!
My fears, O gracious God, remove,
Confirm my title to thy love.

VIII.

Search, Lord, O ſearch my inmoſt heart,
And light, and hope, and joy impart;
From guilt and error ſet me free,
And guide me ſafe to heaven and thee.

Hope in Darkness.

I.

GOD is my ſun, his bliſsful rays
Irradiate, warm, and guide my heart!
How dark, how mournful, are my days,
If his enlivening beams depart!

II.

Scarce through the ſhades, a glimpſe of day
Appears to theſe deſiring eyes!
But ſhall my drooping ſpirit ſay,
The cheerful morn will never riſe?

III.

O let me not deſpairing mourn,
Though gloomy darkneſs ſpreads the ſky;
My glorious ſun will yet return,
And night with all its horrors fly.

VI.

Hope, in the abſence of my Lord,
Shall be my taper; ſacred light,
Kindled at his celeſtial word,
To cheer the melancholy night.

V. O for

V.

O for the bright the joyful day,
When hope ſhall in aſſurance die!
So tapers loſe their feeble ray,
Beneath the ſun's refulgent eye.

Death and Heaven.

I.

OFT have I ſaid, with inward ſighs,
I find no ſolid good below;
Earth's faireſt ſcenes but cheat my eyes,
Her pleaſure is but painted woe.

II.

Then why, my ſoul, ſo loath to leave
Theſe ſeats of vanity and care?
Why do I thus to trifles cleave,
And feed on chaff, and graſp the air?

III.

There is a world all fair and bright;
But clouds and darkneſs dwell between.
The ſable veil obſtructs my ſight,
And hides the lovely, diſtant ſcene.

IV. When

IV.

Whene'er I look with frighted eyes
On death's impenetrable ſhade,
Alas! what gloomy horrors riſe,
And all my trembling frame invade!

V.

O death, frail nature's dreaded foe,
Thy frown with terror fills my heart;
How ſhall I bear the fatal blow,
Which muſt my ſoul and body part?

VI.

'Tis ſin which arms his dreadful frown,
This only points his deadly ſting;
My ſins which throw this gloom around,
And all theſe ſhocking terrors bring.

VII.

O could I know my ſins forgiven,
Soon would theſe terrors diſappear;
Then ſhould I ſee a glimpſe of heaven,
And look on death without a fear.

VIII.

Jeſus, my Saviour, and my God,
To thee my trembling ſpirit flies;
Thy merits, thy atoning blood,
On this alone my ſoul relies.

IX.

O let thy love's all-powerful ray
With pleaſing force, divine controul,
Ariſe, and chaſe theſe clouds away,
And ſhine around my doubting ſoul.

X.

Then ſhall I change the mournful ſtrain,
And bid my thoughts and hopes ariſe,
Above theſe gloomy ſeats of pain,
To glorious worlds beyond the ſkies.

XI.

With cheerful heart I then ſhall ſing,
And triumph o'er my vanquiſh'd foe—
O death, where is thy pointed ſting?
My Saviour wards the fatal blow.

XII.

O when will that illuſtrious day,
When will that bliſsful moment, come,
That ſhall my weary ſoul convey
Safe to her everlaſting home?

XIII.

Then ſhall I leave theſe fetters here,
And upward riſe to joys unknown;
And call, without an anxious fear,
The fair inheritance my own.

XIV.

Adieu to all terreſtrial things;
Come bear me through the ſtarry road,
Bright Seraphs, on your ſoaring wings,
To ſee my Saviour, and my God.

Redemption by Christ alone.

1 Pet. 1. 18, 19.

I.

ENSLAV'D by ſin and bound in chains,
Beneath its dreadful tyrant ſway,
And doom'd to everlaſting pains,
We wretched, guilty captives lay.

II.

Nor gold nor gems, could buy our peace;
Nor the whole world's collected ſtore,
Suffice to purchaſe our releaſe;
A thouſand worlds were all too poor.

III.

Jeſus the Lord, the mighty God,
An all-ſufficient ranſom paid;
Invalued price, his precious blood,
For vile rebellious traitors ſhed.

IV.

Jeſus the ſacrifice became,
To reſcue guilty ſouls from hell;
The ſpotleſs, bleeding, dying Lamb
Beneath avenging juſtice fell.

V.

Amazing goodneſs! love divine!
O may our grateful hearts adore
The matchleſs grace, nor yield to ſin,
Nor wear its cruel fetters more!

VI.

Dear Saviour, let thy love purſue,
The glorious work it has begun,
Each ſecret lurking foe ſubdue,
And let our hearts be thine alone.

The MYSTERIES of PROVIDENCE.

I.

LORD, how myſterious are thy ways!
How blind are we! how mean our praiſe!
Thy ſteps can mortal eyes explore?
'Tis ours, to wonder and adore.

II.

Thy deep decrees from creature ſight
Are hid in ſhades of awful night;
Amid the lines, with curious eye,
Not angel minds preſume to pry.

III.

Great God, I would not aſk to ſee
What in futurity ſhall be;
If light and bliſs attend my days,
Then let my future hours be praiſe.

IV.

Is darkneſs and diſtreſs my ſhare?
Then let me truſt thy guardian care;
Enough for me, if love divine,
At length through every cloud ſhall ſhine.

V.

Yet this my ſoul deſires to know,
Be this my only wiſh below,
"That Chriſt is mine!"—this great requeſt
Grant, bounteous God,—and I am bleſt.

Refuge and Strength in the Mercy of God.

I.

MY God, 'tis to thy mercy-ſeat
My ſoul for ſhelter flies;
'Tis here, I find a ſafe retreat,
When ſtorms and tempeſts riſe.

II.

'Tis here, my faith reſolves to dwell,
Nor ſhall I be afraid
Of all the powers of earth or hell,
If thou vouchſafe thy aid.

III.

My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou my God art near;
Thy grace can raiſe my comforts high,
And baniſh every fear.

IV.

Againſt thy all-ſupporting grace
My foes can ne'er prevail;
But oh! if frowns becloud thy face,
Faith, hope, and life will fail.

V.

My great protector, and my Lord,
Thy conſtant aid impart,
And let thy kind, thy gracious word
Suſtain my trembling heart.

VI.

O never let my ſoul remove,
From this divine retreat;
Still let me truſt thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

Deſiring RESIGNATION and THANKFULNESS.

I.

WHEN I ſurvey life's varied ſcene,
Amid the darkeſt hours,
Sweet rays of comfort ſhine between,
And thorns are mix'd with flowers.

II.

Lord, teach me to adore thy hand,
From whence my comforts flow;
And let me in this defart land
A glimpſe of Canaan know.

III.

Is health and eaſe my happy ſhare?
O may I bleſs my God;
Thy kindneſs let my ſongs declare,
And ſpread thy praiſe abroad.

IV.

While ſuch delightful gifts as theſe,
Are kindly dealt to me,
Be all my hours of health and eaſe
Devoted Lord to thee.

V.

In griefs and pains thy ſacred word,
(Dear ſolace of my ſoul!)
Celeſtial comforts can afford,
And all their power controul.

VI.

When preſent ſufferings pain my heart,
Or future terrors riſe,
And light and hope almoſt depart
From theſe dejected eyes:

VII.

Thy powerful word ſupports my hope,
Sweet cordial of the mind!
And bears my fainting ſpirit up,
And bids me wait reſign'd.

VIII.

And O, whate'er of earthly bliſs
Thy ſovereign hand denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,—
Let this petition riſe.

IX.

"Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
"From every murmur free;
"The bleſſings of thy grace impart,
"And let me live to thee.

X.

"Let the ſweet hope that thou art mine,
"My path of life attend;
"Thy preſence through my journey ſhine,
"And bleſs its happy end."

Deſiring the PRESENCE of GOD.

Iſai L. 10.

I.

HEAR, gracious God, my humble moan,
To thee I breathe my ſighs,
When will the mournful night be gone?
And when my joys ariſe?

II. My

II.

My God—O could I make the claim—
My father and my friend—
And call thee mine, by every name,
On which thy ſaints depend!

III.

By every name of power and love,
I would thy grace intreat;
Nor ſhould my humble hopes remove,
Nor leave thy ſacred ſeat.

IV.

Yet though my ſoul in darkneſs mourns,
Thy word is all my ſtay;
Here, I would reſt 'till light returns,
Thy preſence makes my day.

V.

Speak, Lord, and bid celeſtial peace
Relieve my aking heart;
O ſmile, and bid my ſorrows ceaſe,
And all the gloom depart.

VI.

Then ſhall my drooping ſpirit riſe,
And bleſs thy healing rays,
And change theſe deep complaining ſighs,
For ſongs of ſacred praiſe.

CHRIST the LIFE of the SOUL.

John XIV. 19.

I.

WHEN ſins and fears prevailing riſe,
And fainting hope almoſt expires;
Jeſus, to thee I lift my eyes,
To thee I breathe my ſoul's deſires.

II.

Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die,
Fix'd on thy everlaſting word,
That word which built the earth and ſky?

III.

If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is ſure;
His word a firm foundation gives,
Here, let me build, and reſt ſecure.

IV.

Here, let my faith unſhaken dwell,
Immoveable the promiſe ſtands.
Nor all the powers of earth or hell,
Can e'er diſſolve the ſacred bands.

V. Here

V.

Here, O my ſoul, thy truſt repoſe;
If Jeſus is for ever mine,
Not death itſelf, that laſt of foes,
Shall break a union ſo divine.

Aſpiring towards HEAVEN.

I.

VAIN world be gone, nor vex my heart
With thy deluding wiles:
Hence, empty promiſer, depart,
With all thy ſoothing ſmiles.

II.

Superior bliſs invites my eyes,
Delight unmix'd with woe;
Now let my nobler thoughts ariſe,
To joys unknown below.

III.

Yon ſtarry plains, how bright they ſhine,
With radiant ſpecks of light;
Fair pavement of the courts divine,
That ſparkles on the ſight!

IV. 'Tis

IV.

'Tis diſtance leſſens every ſtar;
Could I behold them nigh,
Bright worlds of wonder would appear
To my aſtoniſh'd eye!

V.

Thus heavenly joys attract my eyes,
My heart the luſtre warms;
But could I reach thoſe upper ſkies,
How infinite their charms!

VI.

Come, heaven-born faith, and aid my flight,
And guide my riſing thought,
Till earth, ſtill leſſening to my ſight,
Shall vaniſh quite forgot.

VII.

But when to reach thoſe bliſsful plains
Her utmoſt ardor tries,
And almoſt hears the charming ſtrains
Of hymning angels riſe:

VIII.

Mortality, with painful load,
Forbids the raptur'd flight;
In vain ſhe means heaven's bright abode,
And ſinks to earth and night.

IX. O let

IX.

O let thy love, my God, my King,
My hope, my heart, inſpire;
And teach my faith with ſtronger wing
To riſe, and warm deſire.

X.

Oft let thy ſhining viſits cheer
This dark abode of clay,
'Till I ſhall leave theſe fetters here,
And riſe to endleſs day.

God my only Happiness.

I.

WHEN fill'd with grief, my anxious heart
To thee, my God, complains,
Sweet pleaſure mingles with the ſmart,
And ſoftens all my pains.

II.

Earth flies with all her ſoothing charms,
Nor I the loſs deplore;
No more, ye phantoms, mock my arms,
Nor teaze my ſpirit more.

III. I languiſh

III.

I languish for superior joy
To all that earth bestows;
For pleasure which can never cloy,
Nor change, nor period knows.

IV.

Still, must the scenes of bliss remain
Conceal'd from mortal eyes?
And must my wishes rise in vain,
And never reach the skies?

V.

My God, O could I call thee mine
Without a wavering fear,
This would be happiness divine,
A heaven of pleasure here!

VI.

This joy, my wishes long to find,
To this my heart aspires,
A bliss, immortal as the mind,
And vast as its desires!

Mourning the Absence of God, and longing for his gracious Presence.

I.

MY God, to thee I call—
Muſt I for ever mourn?
So far from thee, my life, my all?
O when wilt thou return!

II.

Dark as the ſhades of night
My gloomy ſorrows riſe,
And hide thy ſoul-reviving light
From theſe deſiring eyes.

III.

My comforts all decay,
My inward foes prevail;
If thou withold thy healing ray,
Expiring hope will fail.

IV.

Away diſtreſſing fears,
My gracious God is nigh,
And heavenly pity ſees my tears,
And marks each riſing ſigh.

V. Dear

V.

Dear ſource of all my joys,
And ſolace of my care,
O wilt thou hear my plaintive voice
And grant my humble prayer!

VI.

Theſe envious clouds remove,
Thy cheering light reſtore,
Confirm my intereſt in thy love
'Till I can doubt no more.

VI.

Then if my troubles riſe,
To thee, my God, I'll flee,
And raiſe my hopes above the ſkies,
And caſt my cares on thee.

GOD the ONLY REFUGE of the TROUBLED MIND.

136

I.

DEAR refuge of my weary ſoul,
On thee, when ſorrows riſe:
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

II. While

II.

While hope revives, though preſt with fears,
And I can ſay, my God,
Beneath thy feet I ſpread my cares,
And pour my woes abroad.

III.

To thee, I tell each riſing grief,
For thou alone canſt heal;
Thy word can bring a ſweet relief
For every pain I feel.

IV.

But oh! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The ſprings of comfort ſeem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

V.

Yet, gracious God, where ſhall I flee?
Thou art my only truſt,
And ſtill my ſoul would cleave to thee,
Though proſtrate in the duſt.

VI.

Haſt thou not bid me ſeek thy face?
And ſhall I ſeek in vain?
And can the ear of ſovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

VII.

No, ſtill the ear of ſovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
O may I ever find acceſs,
To breathe my ſorrows there.

VIII.

Thy mercy-ſeat is open ſtill;
Here let my ſoul retreat,
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

COMPLAINING at the THRONE of GRACE.

I.

O'erwhelm'd with reſtleſs griefs and fears,
Lord, I approach thy mercy-ſeat,
With aking heart and flowing tears,
To pour my ſorrows at thy feet.

II.

Can mournful penitence and prayer
Addreſs thy mercy-ſeat in vain?
Unnotic'd by thy gracious ear,
Can ſorrow and diſtreſs complain?

III. Thy

III.

Thy promiſes are large and free,
To humble ſouls who ſeek thy face;
O where for refuge can I flee,
My God!—but to the throne of grace?

IV.

My God, for yet my trembling heart
Would fain rely upon thy word;
Fain would I bid my fears depart,
And caſt my burthen on the Lord.

V.

Thou ſee'ſt the tempeſt of my ſoul,
Theſe reſtleſs waves of fear and ſin;
Thy voice can all their rage controul,
And make a ſacred calm within.

VI.

Amid the gloomy ſhades of night,
To thee I lift my longing eyes;
My ſaviour God, my life, my light,
When will thy cheering beams ariſe?

VII.

My thoughts recall thy favours paſt,
In many a dark diſtreſſing hour,
Thy kind ſupport my heart confeſs'd,
And own'd thy wiſdom, love and power.

VIII.

And ſtill theſe bright perfections ſhine,
Eternal their unclouded rays;
Unchanging faithfulneſs is thine,
And juſt, and right, are all thy ways.

IX.

And can my vile ungrateful heart
Still harbour black diſtruſt and fear?
O bid theſe heavy clouds depart,
Bright ſun of righteouſneſs, appear.

X.

Let thy enlivening healing voice,
The kind aſſurance of thy love,
Relieve my heart, revive my joys,
And all my ſins and fears remove.

SUBMISSION to GOD under AFFLICTION.

I.

PEACE, my complaining, doubting heart,
Ye buſy cares be ſtill;
Adore the juſt, the ſovereign Lord,
Nor murmur at his will.

II. Un-

II.

Unerring wiſdom guides his hand;
Nor dares my guilty fear,
Amid the ſharpeſt pains I feel,
Pronounce his hand ſevere.

III.

To ſoften every painful ſtroke,
Indulgent mercy bends,
And unrepining when I plead,
His gracious ear attends.

IV.

Let me reflect with humble awe
Whene'er my heart complains,
Compar'd with what my ſins deſerve,
How eaſy are my pains!

V.

Yes Lord, I own thy ſovereign hand,
Thou juſt, and wiſe, and kind;
Be every anxious thought ſuppreſt,
And all my ſoul reſign'd.

VI.

But oh! indulge this only wiſh,
This boon I muſt implore!
Aſſure my ſoul, that thou art mine,
My God, I aſk no more.

Truſting in the DIVINE VERACITY.

I.

WHEN ſin and ſorrow, fear and pain,
My trembling heart diſmay,
My feeble ſtrength, alas, how vain!
It ſinks and dies away.

II.

My ſpirit aſks a firmer prop,
I lean upon the Lord;
My God, the pillar of my hope,
Is thy unchanging word.

III.

On this are built the brighteſt joys,
Celeſtial beings know,
And 'tis the ſame almighty voice
Supports the ſaints below.

IV.

'Tis this upholds the rolling ſpheres,
And heaven's immortal frame;
Then, O my ſoul, ſuppreſs thy fears,
Thy baſis is the ſame.

V. The

V.

The ſacred word, the ſolemn oath,
For ever muſt remain;
I truſt in everlaſting truth,
Nor can my truſt be vain.

TIME flying and DEATH approaching.

I.

AWAKE, my ſoul, nor ſlumbering lie
Amid the gloomy haunts of death;
Perhaps the awful hour is nigh,
Commiſſion'd for my parting breath.

II.

That awful hour will ſoon appear,
Swift on the wings of time it flies,
When all that pains or pleaſes here,
Will vaniſh from my cloſing eyes.

III.

Death calls my friends, my neighbours hence,
And none reſiſt the fatal dart;
Continual warnings ſtrike my ſenſe,
And ſhall they fail to reach my heart?

IV.

Shall gay amuſements riſe between,
When ſcenes of horror ſpread around?
Death's pointed arrows fly unſeen,
But, ah, how ſure, how deep they wound!

V.

Think, O my ſoul, how much depends
On the ſhort period of a day;
Shall time, which heaven in mercy lends,
Be negligently thrown away?

VI.

Thy remnant minutes ſtrive to uſe,
Awake! rouze every active power!
And not in dreams and trifles loſe
This little now! this precious hour!

VII.

Lord of my life, inſpire my heart
With heavenly ardour, grace divine;
Nor let thy preſence e'er depart,
For ſtrength, and life, and death are thine.

VIII.

O teach me the celeſtial ſkill,
Each awful warning to improve!
And while my days are ſhortening ſtill,
Prepare me for the joys above.

IX.

Insure my nobler life on high,
Life, from a dying Saviour's blood!
Then though my minutes swiftly fly,
They bear me nearer to my God.

VICTORY over DEATH through CHRIST.

1 Cor. xv. 57.

I.

WHEN death appears before my sight
In all his dire array,
Unequal to the dreadful fight,
My courage dies away.

II.

How shall I meet this potent foe,
Whose frown my soul alarms?
Dark horror sits upon his brow,
And victory waits his arms.

III.

But see my glorious Leader nigh!
My Lord, my Saviour lives;
Before him death's pale terrors fly,
And my faint heart revives.

IV. Jesus,

IV.

Jeſus, be thou my ſure defence,
My guard for ever near;
And faith ſhall triumph over ſenſe,
And never yield to fear.

V.

O may I meet the dreadful hour,
With fortitude divine;
Suſtain'd by thy almighty power,
The conqueſt muſt be mine.

VI.

What though ſubdu'd this body lies,
Slain in the mortal ſtrife,
My ſpirit ſhall unconquer'd riſe,
To a diviner life.

VII.

Lord, I commit my ſoul to thee,
Accept the ſacred truſt,
Receive this nobler part of me,
And watch my ſleeping duſt.

VIII.

Till that illuſtrious morning come,
When all thy ſaints ſhall riſe,
And cloath'd in full, immortal bloom,
Attend thee to the ſkies.

IX. When

IX.

When thy triumphant armies ſing
The honours of thy name,
And heaven's eternal arches ring,
With glory to the Lamb:

X.

O let me join the raptur'd lays,
And with the bliſsful throng,
Reſound ſalvation, power and praiſe,
In everlaſting ſong.

CHRIST the SUPREME BEAUTY.

Iſaiah XXXIII. 17.

I.

SHOULD nature's charms to pleaſe the eye,
In ſweet aſſemblage join,
All nature's charms would droop and die,
Jeſus, compar'd with thine.

II.

Vain were her faireſt beams diſplay'd,
And vain her blooming ſtore;
E'en brightneſs languiſhes to ſhade,
And beauty is no more.

III. But

III.

But ah how far from mortal ſight,
The Lord of glory dwells!
A veil of interpoſing night
His radiant face conceals.

IV.

O could my longing ſpirit riſe
On ſtrong immortal wing,
And reach thy palace in the ſkies,
My Saviour, and my King!

V.

There myriads worſhip at thy feet,
And there, (divine employ!)
The triumphs of thy love repeat,
In ſongs of endleſs joy.

VI.

Thy preſence beams eternal day,
O'er all the bliſsful place;
Who would not drop this load of clay,
And die to ſee thy face!

The Promised Land.

Iſaiah xxxiii. 17.

I.

FAR from theſe narrow ſcenes of night
Unbounded glories riſe,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

II.

Fair diſtant land!—could mortal eyes
But half its joys explore,
How would our ſpirits long to riſe,
And dwell on earth no more!

III.

There pain and ſickneſs never come,
And grief no more complains!
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endleſs pleaſure reigns!

IV.

From diſcord free and war's alarms,
And want and pining care,
Plenty and peace unite their charms,
And ſmile unchanging there.

V. There

V.

There rich varieties of joy,
Continual feaſt the mind;
Pleaſures which fill, but never cloy,
Immortal and refin'd!

VI.

No factious ſtrife, no envy there,
The ſons of peace moleſt,
But harmony and love ſincere
Fill every happy breaſt.

VII.

No cloud thoſe bliſsful regions know,
For ever bright and fair!
For ſin, the ſource of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

VIII.

There no alternate night is known,
Nor ſun's faint ſickly ray;
But glory from the ſacred throne
Spreads everlaſting day.

IX.

The glorious monarch there diſplays
His beams of wonderous grace;
His happy ſubjects ſing his praiſe,
And bow before his face.

X. O may

XI.

O may the heavenly proſpect fire,
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and ſtrong deſire
Bear every thought above.

XI.

Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our ſpirits riſe and join
The chorus of the ſky.

The HEAVENLY SHEPHERD.

Pſalm XXIII. 1, 2, 3.

I.

WHILE my Redeemer's near,
My ſhepherd and my guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear,
My wants are all ſupply'd.

II.

To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my ſweet repoſe.

III. Along

III.

Along the lovely ſcene,
Cool waters gently roll,
And kind refreſhment ſmiles ſerene,
To cheer my fainting ſoul.

IV.

Here let my ſpirit reſt;
How ſweet a lot is mine!
With pleaſure, food, and ſafety bleſt;
Beneficence divine!

V.

Dear ſhepherd, if I ſtray,
My wandering feet reſtore,
To thy fair paſtures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.

VI.

Unworthy, as I am,
Of thy protecting care,
Jeſus, I plead thy gracious name,
For all my hopes are there.

The CHRISTIAN'S NOBLEST RESOLUTION.

Joshua XXIV. 15.

I.

AH wretched souls, who strive in vain,
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin!
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.

II.

May I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers to serve the Lord,
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

III.

O be his service all my joy,
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the bleſt employ,
And join in labours so divine.

IV.

Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determin'd choice,
To yield to his supreme controul,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

V.

O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wandering leave his sacred ways;
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

The SAVIOUR'S INVITATION.

John VII. 37.

I.

THE Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.

II.

For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

III.

Here, springs of sacred pleasure rise,
To ease your every pain,
(Immortal fountain! full supplies!)
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

IV. Ye

IV.

Ye ſinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice;
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys—
And can you yet delay?

V.

Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,
To thee let ſinners fly,
And take the bliſs thy love imparts,
And drink and never die.

JESUS the BEST BELOVED.

I.

DEAR center of my beſt deſires,
And ſovereign of my heart,
What ſweet delight thy name inſpires!
What bliſs thy ſmiles impart!

II.

Jeſus—O loveliest, deareſt name!
And will thou condeſcend
To own the bold, yet humble claim,
My everlaſting friend?

III.

Too oft, alas, my paſſions rove,
In ſearch of meaner charms;
Trifles unworthy of my love
Divide me from thy arms.

IV.

Ye teazing vanities depart,
I ſeek my abſent Lord;
No balm to eaſe my aking heart,
Can all your joys afford.

V.

Come, deareſt Lord, with power divine,
And drive thy foes away;
O be my heart, my paſſions thine,
And never, never ſtray.

Deſiring to KNOW and LOVE HIM more.

I.

THOU lovely ſource of true delight,
Whom I unſeen adore,
Unveil thy beauties to my ſight,
That I may love thee more.

II.

Thy glory o'er creation ſhines;
But in thy ſacred word
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

III.

'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And ſins and ſorrows riſe,
Thy love, with cheerful beams of hope,
My fainting heart ſupplies.

IV.

But ah, too ſoon, the pleaſing ſcene
Is clouded o'er with pain;
My gloomy fears riſe dark between,
And I again complain,

V.

Jeſus, my Lord, my life, my light,
O come with bliſsful ray,
Break radiant through the ſhades of night,
And chaſe my fears away.

VI.

Then ſhall my ſoul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love;
But the full glories of thy face
Are only known above.

The GLORIOUS PRESENCE of CHRIST in HEAVEN. John xvii. 24.

I.

O For a ſweet inſpiring ray,
To animate our feeble ſtrains,
From the bright realms of endleſs day,
The bliſsful realms, where Jeſus reigns!

II.

There low before his glorious throne
Adoring ſaints and angels fall,
And with delightful worſhip own
His ſmile their bliſs, their heaven, their all.

III.

Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs riſe,
And love, and joy, and triumph ſpread
Through all the aſſemblies of the ſkies.

IV.

He ſmiles, and ſeraphs tune their ſongs
To boundleſs rapture while they gaze;
Ten thouſand thouſand joyful tongues
Reſound his everlaſting praiſe.

V. There

VII.

There all the favorites of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heavenly choir;
O may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire.

VI.

Dear Saviour, let thy Spirit seal
Our interest in that blissful place;
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face.

The HAPPINESS of the SAINTS ABOVE.

John xvii. 24.

IV.

O Could we read our interest here,
Jesus, in these dear words of thine,
A heaven of pleasure would appear,
A blissful view of joys divine.

II.

Dear Saviour, let thy boundless grace
Remove our guilt, our fears remove;
Then shall our thoughts with rapture trace
The radiant mansions of thy love.

III.

There ſhall our hearts no more complain,
Nor ſin prevail, nor grace decay;
But perfect joy for ever reign,
One glorious, undeclining day.

IV.

No darkneſs there ſhall cloud our ſight;
Theſe now dejected feeble eyes,
Shall gaze, with infinite delight,
On the full glories of the ſkies.

V.

There ſhall we ſee thy lovely face,
And chang'd to purity divine,
Partake the ſplendors of the place,
And in thy glorious likeneſs ſhine.

VI.

Yes, deareſt Lord, to dwell with thee,
Thy praiſe our endleſs, ſweet employ,
Muſt be immenſe felicity,
A full infinitude of joy!

VII.

O let thy ſpirit now impart,
The kind aſſurance of thy love,
With ſealing power to every heart,
Sweet earneſt of the joys above.

Hymn to Jesus.

I.

JESUS,—in thy tranſporting name,
What bliſsful glories riſe!
Jeſus, the Angel's ſweeteſt theme!
The wonder of the ſkies!

II.

Well might the ſkies with wonder view
A love ſo ſtrange as thine!
No thought of angels ever knew,
Compaſſion ſo divine!

III.

Didſt thou forſake thy radiant crown,
And boundleſs realms of day,
(Aſide thy robes of glory thrown,)
To dwell in feeble clay?

IV.

Jeſus,—and didſt thou leave the ſky
For miſeries and woes?
And didſt thou bleed, and groan and die,
For vile rebellious foes?

V. Through

V.

Through the deep horrors of thy pain
Then love triumphant ſmil'd;
Earth trembled at the dreadful ſcene,
And heaven was reconcil'd.

VI.

Victorious love! can language tell
The wonders of thy power,
Which conquer'd all the force of hell,
In that tremendous hour?

VII.

Is there a heart that will not bend
To thy divine controul?
Deſcend, O ſovereign love, deſcend,
And melt the ſtubborn ſoul.

VIII.

O may our willing hearts confeſs
Thy ſweet, thy gentle ſway;
Glad captives of reſiſtleſs grace,
Thy pleaſing rule obey.

IX.

Come, deareſt Lord, extend thy reign,
Till rebels riſe no more;
Thy praiſe all nature then ſhall join,
And heaven and earth adore.

Praise to the Redeemer.

I.

To our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the sacred song!
O may his love, (immortal flame!)
Tune every heart and tongue.

II.

His love, what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

III.

Let wonder mild with love unite,
And gratitude and joy;
Be Jesus our supreme delight,
His praise, our best employ.

IV.

Jesus who left his throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came on earth to bleed and die—
Was ever love like this?

V. Dear

V.

Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture ſay,
The Saviour dy'd for me.

VI.

O may the ſweet, the bliſsful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till ſtrangers love thy charming name,
And join the ſacred ſong.

Deſiring to LOVE CHRIST without WANDERING.

I.

YE earthly vanities depart,
For ever hence remove;
Jeſus alone deſerves my heart,
And every thought of love.

II.

His heart, where love and pity dwelt
In all their ſofteſt forms,
Suſtain'd the heavy load of guilt,
For loſt rebellious worms;

III. His

III.

His heart, whence love abundant flow'd
To wash the stains of sin,
In precious streams of vital blood—
Here, all my hopes begin.

IV.

Can I my bleeding Saviour view,
And yet ungrateful prove,
And pierce his wounded heart anew,
And grieve his injur'd love?

V.

Forbid it Lord, O bind this heart,
This rebel heart of mine,
So firm, that it may ne'er depart,
In chains of love divine.

The EXALTED SAVIOUR.

I.

NOW let us raise our cheerful strains,
And join the blissful choir above;
There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And there they sing his wonderous love.

II. While

II.

While ſeraphs tune the immortal ſong,
O may we feel the ſacred flame,
And every heart, and every tongue
Adore the Saviour's glorious name.

III.

Jeſus, who once upon the tree
In agonizing pains expir'd,
Who dy'd for rebels—yes, 'tis he!
How bright! how lovely! how admir'd!

VI.

Jeſus, who dy'd that we might live,
Dy'd in the wretched traitor's place—
O what returns can mortals give,
For ſuch immeaſurable grace?

V.

Were univerſal nature ours,
And art with all her boaſted ſtore,
Nature and art with all their powers,
Would ſtill confeſs the offerer poor!

VI.

Yet though for bounty ſo divine
We ne'er can equal honours raiſe,
Jeſus, may all our hearts be thine,
And all our tongues proclaim thy praiſe.

The

The Wonders of Redemption.

1 Pet. iii. 18.

I.

AND did the holy and the just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty worms might rise?

II.

Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high,
(Surprizing mercy! love unknown!)
To suffer, bleed and die.

III.

He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffer'd in his stead;
For man, (O miracle of grace!)
For man the Saviour bled!

IV.

Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thy atoning blood?
By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

V. Jesus,

V.

Jeſus, my ſoul, adoring, bends
To love ſo full, ſo free;
And may I hope that love extends
Its ſacred power to me?

VI.

What glad return can I impart,
For favours ſo divine?
O take my all,—this worthleſs heart,
And make it only thine.

COMMUNION with CHRIST at his TABLE.

I.

TO Jeſus, our exalted Lord,
(Dear name, by heaven and earth ador'd!
Fain would our hearts and voices raiſe
A cheerful ſong of ſacred praiſe.

II.

But all the notes which mortals know,
Are weak and languiſhing and low;
Far, far above our humble ſongs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

III. Yet

III.

Yet while around his board we meet,
And worſhip at his glorious feet;
O let our warm affections move
In glad returns of grateful love.

IV.

Yes, Lord, we love and we adore,
But long to know and love thee more;
And while we taſte the bread and wine,
Deſire to feed on joys divine.

V.

Let faith our feeble ſenſes aid,
To ſee thy wonderous love diſplay'd,
Thy broken fleſh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.

VI.

Let humble penitential woe,
With painful, pleaſing anguiſh flow,
And thy forgiving ſmiles impart
Life, hope, and joy, to every heart.

Faith in a Redeemer's Sufferings.

I.

LORD, when my thoughts delighted rove
Amid the wonders of thy love,
Sweet hope revives my drooping heart,
And bids intruding fears depart.

II.

But while thy ſufferings I ſurvey,
And faith enjoys a heavenly ray,
Theſe dear memorials of thy pain,
Preſent anew the dreadful ſcene.

III.

I hear thy groans with deep ſurprize,
And view thy wounds with weeping eyes,
Each bleeding wound, each dying groan,
With anguiſh fraught, and pains unknown.

IV.

For mortal crimes a ſacrifice,
The Lord of life, the Saviour dies:
What love, what mercy, how divine!—
Jeſus, and can I call thee mine?—

V. Re-

V.

Repentant ſorrow fills my heart,
But mingling joy allays the ſmart,
O may my future life declare
The ſorrow and the joy ſincere.

VI.

Be all my heart, and all my days
Devoted to my Saviour's praiſe;
And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe, how much I love.

A Dying Saviour.

I.

STretch'd on the croſs the Saviour dies;
Hark! his expiring groans ariſe!
See, from his hands, his feet, his ſide,
Runs down the ſacred crim[illegible]e!

II.

But life attends the deathful ſound,
And flows from every bleeding wound;
The vital ſtream, how free it flows,
To ſave and cleanſe his rebel foes!

III.

To ſuffer in the traitor's place,
To die for man, ſurprizing grace!
Yet paſs rebellious angels by—
O why for man, dear Saviour, why?

IV.

And didſt thou bleed, for ſinners bleed?
And could the ſun behold the deed?
No, he withdrew his ſickening ray,
And darkneſs veil'd the mourning day.

V.

Can I ſurvey this ſcene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow;
And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
Inſenſible to love or pain!

VI.

Come, deareſt Lord, thy power impart,
To warm this cold, this ſtupid heart;
Till all ^ee powers and paſſions move,
In melting grief and ardent love.

Meditating on the Redeemer's Sufferings.

I.

RECALL, my heart, that dreadful hour,
When Jeſus on the curſed tree
Infinite pains and ſorrows bore—
Think, O my ſoul, was this for thee?

II.

See, crown'd with thorns that ſacred head,
With beams of glory once adorn'd!
That voice, which heaven and earth obey'd,
Is now by traitors mock'd and ſcorn'd.

III.

And ſee thoſe lovely melting eyes,
Whence kind compaſſion often flow'd,
Now rais'd imploring to the ſkies,
For harden'd ſouls athirſt for blood!

IV.

Thoſe healing hands with bleſſings fraught,
Nail'd to the croſs with pungent ſmart!
Inhuman deed! could no kind thought
To pity move the ruthleſs heart?

V.

But oh! what agonies unknown,
His ſoul ſuſtain'd beneath the load
Of mortal crimes! how deep the groan
Which calm'd the vengeance of a God!

VI.

He groan'd! he dy'd! the awful ſcene
Of wonder, grief, ſurprizing love,
For ever let my heart retain,
Nor from my Saviour's feet remove.

VII.

Jeſus, accept this wretched heart,
Which trembling, mourning, comes to thee;
The bleſſing of thy death impart,
And tell my ſoul, 'tis all for me.

~~Sin the Cause of Christ's Death.~~

L. M. Steele

WAS it for ſin, for mortal guilt,
The Saviour gave his vital blood?
For ſin amazing anguiſh felt,
The wrath of an offended God?

II. When

"Now shall I make my soul an offering for sin." &c.
Isa. 10, 2 Cor. 5. 21

II.

When bleeding, groaning, on the tree,
He breath'd such agonizing cries,
When nature ſuffer'd, Lord, with thee,
And darkneſs cloath'd the mourning ſkies.

III.

And ſhall I harbour in my breaſt
(Tremble my ſoul at ſuch a deed)
This dreadful foe, this fatal gueſt?
'Twas ſin that made my Saviour bleed.

IV.

'Tis ſin that would my ruin prove,
And ſink me down to endleſs woe;
But O forbid it, heavenly love,
And ſave me from the curſed foe.

V.

Ye ſins, ye cruel ſins, depart,
Your tyrant ſway I cannot bear;
My rightful ſovereign claims my heart,
Jeſus alone ſhall govern here.

VI.

Come, glorious conqueror, gracious Lord,
Thy all-prevailing power employ;
O come, with thy reſiſtleſs word,
Theſe hateful enemies deſtroy.

VII.

Guilty and weak to thee I fly,
My Lord, my Saviour, and my friend,
On thy almighty arm rely,
On thy atoning blood depend.

VIII.

My all of hope is fix'd on thee,
For thou alone haſt power divine;
O come, and conquer, Lord, for me,
And all the glory ſhall be thine.

CHRIST DYING and RISING.

I.

COME tune, ye ſaints, your nobleſt ſtrains,
Your dying, riſing Lord to ſing,
And echo to the heavenly plains
The triumphs of your Saviour-King.

II.

In ſongs of grateful rapture tell
How he ſubdu'd your potent foes,
Subdu'd the powers of death and hell,
And, dying, finiſh'd all your woes.

III. Then

III.

Then to his glorious throne on high
Return'd, while hymning angels round,
Through the bright arches of the ſky,
The God, the conquering God, reſound.

IV.

Almighty love! victorious power!
Not angel-tongues can e'er diſplay
The wonders of that dreadful hour,
The joys of that illuſtrious day.

V.

Then well may mortals try in vain,
In vain their feeble voices raiſe;
Yet Jeſus hears the humble ſtrain,
And kindly owns our wiſh to praiſe.

VI.

Dear Saviour, let thy wonderous grace
Fill every heart and every tongue,
Till the full glories of thy face
Inſpire a ſweeter, nobler ſong.

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

OCCASIONAL POEMS.

To Lysander.

I.

A Muſe, in learning's arduous toil unſkill'd,
That ſung her wild-notes to the ſilent ſhade,
Collected bloſſoms from her native field,
And o'er the rural ſcenes delighted ſtray'd:
Though unambitious of the wreath of fame,
Yet glow'd her boſom with a nobler flame.

II.

Nor kings nor heroes grac'd her artleſs lay,
For peaceful themes to ſilvan ſhades belong;
Alike unknown among the Great and Gay,
Soft adulation flow'd not in her ſong.
To heaven that gave them, oft her notes aſpire,
Or friendſhip wakes the ſympathizing lyre.

III. Indulgent

III.

Indulgent Friendſhip, liſtening, caught the ſtrain,
And fondly fancy'd it was tun'd to move;
Then, ſmiling, bore it to the diſtant plain,
Far, ah how far beyond its native grove!
But ſay, Lyſander, can ſuch notes as theſe
Amid politer ſcenes expect to pleaſe?

IV.

Say, can theſe untaught airs acceptance find
Where Milton, wonderous bard! divinely ſung?
Or yield a taſte of pleaſure to the mind
That raptur'd ſoars with Hervey or with Young?
In minds of poliſh'd frame can friendſhip dwell
Plain, unadorn'd, as in the rural cell?

V.

Yet friendſhip dwells with piety ſincere,
Or in the cottage, or the ſtately dome,
Whether detain'd in crouded ſcenes of care,
Or in the village fix'd, her peaceful home:
Where theſe reſide, though artleſs be her ſtrain,
O may the muſe a kind admiſſion gain.

VI.

If minds, where piety and friendſhip glow,
Approving ſmile, and own the kindred theme;
That ſmile a nobler pleaſure will beſtow,
Than all the laurell'd wreaths of boaſting fame;
Bleſt minds! to theſe the Muſe devotes her lays;
If theſe approve, ſhe ſeeks no other praiſe.

An Evening Meditation.

WHEN Phœbus had withdrawn his radiant beams,
And evening ſpread her ſable curtains round;
In that ſoft hour when to the liſtening grove
Her pleaſing, ſoothing, melancholy airs,
Poor Philomel begins—(the kindly dews
Shed their ſoft influence on the fragrant herb,
And gave freſh odours to the flowery ſhrub,
Refreſhing to the ſenſe—) the charming ſcene
Alluring call'd to taſte the evening air,
Amid the verdure of the lonely ſhade:
The lonely ſhade indulgent to the Muſe.

Here

Here may I ſtretch my wondering eyes around
O'er all the beauteous landſcape, and behold
Almighty power and wiſdom plain impreſs'd
On every tree, on every plant and flower.
All own the ſovereign Architect divine,
And in their different language ſpeak his praiſe.
The gentle zephyrs with harmonious breath,
Bruſh through the grove, and play along the ſtream,
And in ſoft whiſpers to the ſilver wave,
Speak their Creator's name, and die away.
The ſilver wave retains the pleaſing theme,
Laves her glad banks, and gently murmuring on,
Bears to the neighbouring trees the welcome ſound;
They bend their wavering tops, adore and praiſe.
The lofty mountains rear their towering heads,
Tall and majeſtic, to the fleecy clouds;
With awful pride confeſs their Maker God,
How great his power, how wide his dread command.
Dreſs'd in a thouſand charms, the flowery vale
Diſplays his goodneſs in her cheerful bloom,
And ſmiling owns beneficence divine.

Harmonious all and fair! whole nature joins
To ſpeak the wonders of creating ſkill;

Bids

Bids us in all his works confeſs the God,
And bend our ſouls adoring at his feet.

Whether with pleaſing rapture I ſurvey
The ſmiling green in rich embroidery dreſt,
Or the more ſolemn grove in ſhady ſtate,
Or contemplate the ſmoothly flowing ſtream;
Or if I raiſe my wandering eyes to gaze
On yonder azure plain, unnumber'd beauties
Inſpire my breaſt with wonder and delight.

Serenely bright aſcends the ſilver moon
Attended by the innumerable train
Of ſparkling ſtars, with rich profuſion pour'd
O'er all the vaſt expanſe; and every ſtar,
In every beam, proclaims his Maker's praiſe.

O thou both nature's author and her lord,
Whoſe power and ſkill, in all thy works confeſs'd,
Demand the tribute of my nobleſt ſong;
Inſtruct my heart, and raiſe my humble thoughts
To trace thy forming hand in every ſcene,
And in thy works to meditate thy praiſe:
'Till, led by theſe, my raptur'd ſoul aſcends,
On heavenly contemplation's ſoaring wing,
To thee, the ſacred ſource of all perfection.

Happiness.

I.

O Happineſs, by all admir'd, purſu'd,
How oft defin'd, how ſeldom underſtood,
And always at a painful diſtance view'd!

II.

Thy charms, alluring, in fair proſpect riſe;
They court our eager arms and longing eyes,
And prompt our fond deſires and reſtleſs ſighs.

III.

If thou art but a dream, an empty name,
Then why this active power, this quenchleſs flame,
By heaven implanted in the human frame?

IV.

The great Creator, juſt, and good, and wiſe,
The wants of all his creatures well ſupplies,
Nor bleſſings to the loweſt rank denies.

V.

Shall man, alone, unſatisfy'd remain?
And doom'd to ceaſeleſs unavailing pain,
Muſt all his ardent wiſhes riſe in vain?

VI. No,

VI.

No, there is nobler bliſs for man deſign'd,
A happineſs of an immortal kind,
Wide as his wiſhes, ample as his mind.

VII.

Earth never can beſtow the ſovereign good;
The ſacred word, unerring, points the road,
To happineſs, to glory, and to God.

VIII.

But fooliſh mortals oft miſtake the way,
In ſearch of bliſs on earth, we anxious ſtray,
And take a meteor for the lamp of day.

IX.

Phantoms of pleaſure riſe, and ſmiling fair,
They tempt our feet through labyrinths of care,
Till catching at the prize we graſp the air.

X.

Almighty goodneſs, call our hearts and eyes
From theſe deluding, tempting vanities,
And upward bid our ardent wiſhes riſe.

XI.

O bid each fatal, fair illuſion flee,
Mark out our path from every error free,
And let us ſeek for bliſs, alone, in thee.

Pride and Humility.

MARK, how the ſtately tree diſdainful rears
His towering head, and mingles with the clouds!
But by his fatal height, the more expos'd
To all the fury of the raging ſtorm:
His honours fly, the ſport of angry winds;
'Till the loud blaſt with direful ſtroke deſcends:
Torn from his baſis, low on earth he lies,
And the hills echo to the ſounding fall.
So pride, with haughty port, defies in vain,
The force of rough adverſity, which rends
With double violence the ſtubborn heart.
But, like a tender plant, humility
Bends low before the threatening blaſt unhurt,
Eludes its rage, and lives through all the ſtorm.

Pride is the livery of the prince of darkneſs,
Worn by his ſlaves, who glory in their ſhame;

A gaudy

A gaudy dreſs, but tarniſh'd, rent and ſoul,
And loathſome to the holy eye of heaven.
But ſweet humility, a ſhining robe,
Beſtow'd by heaven upon its favorite ſons:
The robe which God approves, and angels wear;
Fair ſemblance of the glorious Prince of light,
Who ſtoop'd to dwell (divine humility!)
With ſinful worms and poverty and ſcorn.

Pride is the ſource of diſcord, ſtrife, and war,
And all the endleſs train of heavy woes,
Which wait on wretched man; the direful ſting
Of envy, and the dreaded frowns of ſcorn,
And gloomy diſcontent, and black deſpair.
But ſweet humility, the ſource of peace,
Of amity and love, content and joy;
Where ſhe reſides, a thouſand bleſſings wait
To gild our lives, and form a heaven below.

Pride leads her wretched votaries to contempt,
To certain ruin, infamy and death.
But ſweet humility points out the way
To happineſs, and life, and laſting honours.

Humility how glorious! how divine!
Thus cloath'd, and thus enrich'd, O may I ſhine.
Be mine this treaſure, this celeſtial robe,
And let the ſons of pride poſſeſs the globe.

Imitation of Mr. POPE's ODE on SOLITUDE.

I.

IS there on earth a ſolitude,
Which anxious care can ne'er invade;
Where pains nor ſorrows e'er intrude?
A hallowed ſhade!

II.

Where peace extends her halcyon wing,
To guard and bleſs the ſoft retreat;
Content ſweet breathes eternal ſpring
Around her ſeat.

III.

Some gentle ſpirit aid my flight
To this delightful, bliſsful ſpot,
From human converſe, human ſight;
Bleſt, and forgot.

IV. Illuſive

IV.

Illuſive dream! it fleets in air!
No paradiſe is found below,
No ſolitude ſecludes from care,
Or ſhuts out woe.

V.

Happy the man, and he alone,
To whom the eaſy lot is given,
Cheerful to wait, and thankful own
The hand of heaven.

VI.

Then ſolitude, or ſocial joy,
Can pleaſe, yet not engage his heart;
Nor ſorrow, pain, nor care annoy
His nobler part.

VII.

His wiſh, his hope, his ſoul aſpires
To a fair paradiſe above;
Yet patient waits, 'till heaven requires
His bleſt remove.

VIII.

Thus may my hopes and wiſhes riſe,
Be mine ſerenity like this,
Till death's kind ſleep ſhall cloſe my eyes
Then wake to bliſs.

On Friendship.

HOW fondly thoſe miſtake who ſeek for joys
In crouds, and mirth, and never ceaſing noiſe;
Their mirth, how empty! and their joys, how vain;
Reflection ever flies the laughing train,
Stunn'd with the din, thought ſickens; and the mind
No true delight, no taſte of bliſs can find.

Alike they err, who leave the world to dwell
With gloomy ſadneſs in a lonely cell:
Heavy and dull, the joyleſs hours move on,
To all the ſweets of ſocial life unknown.

If pleaſure ſmiles ſincere below the ſkies,
That pleaſure muſt from ſacred friendſhip riſe;
Of all which animates the human frame,
The nobleſt ardour, and the pureſt flame:
Offspring of heaven!—there friendſhip all refin'd,
Immortal glows in each ſeraphic mind:

Mix'd

Mix'd with the ſtreams of bliſs for ever flows,
Nor change, decay, nor interruption knows:
A glorious native of the realms of love,
And only, in perfection, known above:
Yet is the bleſſing, by indulgent heaven,
Though in a leſs degree, to mortals given:
Its pleaſing power by providence deſign'd,
To ſoften human cares, and mend the mind;
To calm our paſſions by its gentle ſway,
And bid them reaſon's ſacred laws obey.
Friendſhip can often o'er the heart prevail,
When philoſophic rules and maxims fail:
It turns to mutual tenderneſs the thought,
And views with kind indulgence every fault.
And where corroſives ought to be apply'd,
The gentle hand ſoft love and pity guide:
While each can bear reproof, and each reprove,
(All proud reſentment loſt in grateful love,)
Point out each fault, and blame yet not offend,
And free from nauſeous flattery, can commend,
To merit its proportion'd honours raiſe;
Alike exact the cenſure and the praiſe.

Friendſhip communicates our joys and pains,
And in each breaſt rejoices, or complains;

Divides

Divides our weight of woe, relieves our cares,
And every pleaſure heightens, as it ſhares.

While ſacred virtue lights the holy fire,
By time uninjur'd, it will ne'er expire;
No force of rough adverſity can part,
Can tear the generous paſſion from the heart.

O Friendſhip, what ſincere delights are thine!
Fair miniature of happineſs divine;
Propitious, pleaſing, heaven-deſcended gueſt,
Who only with the virtuous few canſt reſt:
May thy kind influence ſmooth my path of life,
Still calm and peaceful, free from noiſy ſtrife,
Be virtue, ſweet content, and friendſhip mine,
I at my humble lot ſhall ne'er repine.
From theſe alone more real pleaſures flow,
Than the gay round of mirth or gaudy ſhow,
Or all the charms of greatneſs can beſtow.

On the Same.

TRUE Friendſhip is the nobleſt earthly gift
Which heaven on man beſtows: the cordial drop,
That mingling with the bitter cup of woe,
Gives a kind tincture to the deadly draught.
Not mines afford a gem of equal worth;
But ah how rarely found! amid the croud
Though glittering counterfeits may oft appear,
And many a phantom borrow friendſhip's name,

Smooth complaiſance, and well-diſſembled kindneſs,
And flattery, hid beneath the ſpecious maſk
Of humble admiration and eſteem,
Are often ſeen; they wear a fair appearance,
And dreſs'd in friendſhip's garb may pleaſe awhile;
But cheat the unwary heart, that truſts too far
Their ſeeming innocence, and honeſt face.
Self-intereſt is the ſecret ſpring that guides them;

This

This ſtopp'd, or broken, the machine ſtands ſtill,
Or falls, and ſhivers into worthleſs fragments.

Happy the mind of nobler texture fram'd,
Sincere, benevolent, above diſguiſe,
Dreſs'd in the plain unborrowed robe of truth.
Theſe virtues make her favorite reſidence;
With virtue only real friendſhip dwells,
And friendſhip loves for virtue's ſake alone.

While the frail ſcenes of momentary life
Bound the low narrow view of vulgar minds,
Ambition, envy, pride, and reſtleſs rage
Emit their baleful ſparks; but ſoon, ah ſoon,
The blaze expires, and all is dark for ever.

But Friendſhip, kindled by fair piety,
(And thus ſhe claims relation to the ſkies,)
Sheds her kind luſtre o'er the path of life,
And guides the feet through many a thorny brake,
Unhurt: ſhe points with upward aim to heaven;
To heaven, from whence the ſacred ardour came,
And guardian angels own the kindred flame.

Ode to Content.

I.

COME charming gueſt, divine Content,
And chaſe my cares away;
The ſweeteſt bliſs to mortals lent,
Is thy kind healing ray.

II.

Thy preſence ſmooths the face of woe,
And ſoftens every pain;
From thee a thouſand pleaſures flow,
A guiltleſs, lovely train.

III.

Humility thy ſteps attends;
Her ſweetly penſive eyes
To earth in peaceful thought ſhe bends,
Without a wiſh to riſe.

IV.

With cheerful air and look ſedate,
See gentle Patience nigh,
And Hope, fair ſiſter, ſmiling wait
With heaven erected eye:

V. While

V.

While Faith, (kind Seraph!) points her view
Beyond the ſtarry plain,
To the bright worlds where ever new,
Immortal pleaſures reign.

VI.

Thy comforts, O divine Content,
From thoſe fair regions flow;
For bliſs ſincere was never meant
On earth's low ſoil to grow.

VII.

In cold affliction's dreary ſhade,
Freſh-blooming joys are thine:
Can wintry ſtorms the heart invade
When vernal ſun-beams ſhine?

VIII.

Come then, thou dear delightful gueſt,
Thy lov'd companions bring;
Come, take poſſeſſion of my breaſt,
And winter ſhall be ſpring.

On Reason.

REASON, the glory of the human frame,
Eye of the mind, the ſtamp of heaven impreſs'd
On man alone, of all the various ranks
Of being, which the great Creator form'd,
To people numberleſs this earthly globe,
To man alone, he gave this ray divine,
This emanation of the deity:
A gift of countleſs value! rais'd by this
Above his fellow worms, and taught to view
His maker's hand in all his wonderous works;
To trace his glories, his divine perfections,
And worſhip with accepted adoration:
Fitted by this for converſe with his God.
Amazing thought! the diſtance, how immenſe,
Betwixt infinity, and humble clay!

Yet thus exalted, man, ungrateful man
Rebell'd, and ſpurn'd his Maker's righteous law;
And in his juſt reſentment, God withdrew

His

His bliſsful preſence from his wretched offspring.
Then Reaſon, heavenly flame, with faded luſtre
Glow'd faintly, its primæval brightneſs gone,
Sully'd and clouded with ſurrounding guilt;
And feebly glimmering with uncertain light,
No more it mounts ſublime, to earth confin'd.
Weak, erring guide, no more it points the way
To happineſs, but leaves the mind bewilder'd,
And loſt in paths of danger, guilt and death.

But light divine breaks from the ſacred word,
And cheers the darkſome gloom; while heaven-
born faith
The dawning glory views, and ſoars aloft.
Borne on her wings, hope cheerful ſmiles; and lo
The clouds diſperſe, the proſpect brightens round;
A glimpſe of heaven appears, of bliſs immortal
Reſerv'd for mortal man; and joys unknown,
Bleſt fruit of the Redeemer's dying pains,
Pardon, and peace, and life laid up in him,
For guilty rebels! Reconcil'd through him,
With his bright preſence God reviſits earth:
Tranſporting view! loſt happineſs reſtor'd!

Weak-ſighted reaſon upward riſes too
Thus aided, and purſues the ſhining tract
With cheerful wing, though ſlow; and glad adores
The dazling glories, which ſhe cannot reach.
With ſteady flight: yet with delightful toil
By gradual ſteps aſcends, and joyful ſees
The bright perfections of the Deity,
In humbler ſcenes diſplay'd, where'er ſhe turns
Her raptur'd eye; and bleſt employment finds
For never-ceaſing praiſe and grateful homage.

Rekindled now from heaven, her dying lamp
Glows with increaſing luſtre: Grace aſſiſting,
Her empire o'er the mind ſhe now reſumes;
Her gentle ſway the warring paſſions own;
Her voice their wildeſt tumults can controul,
And tune them all to harmony and peace.

Nor is her power to ſingle minds confin'd;
Senates and nations own her ſovereign rule,
And boaſt their different governments and laws
Inſpir'd by her, and founded on her dictates.
The bliſs of civil and of ſocial life
Depends on her; without her all would ſink
To diſcord, anarchy, and wild confuſion.

Each individual, through the various ranks,
Whether of public or of private life,
To her his ſafety, peace and pleaſure owes.
Her influence ſooths the cares of life, and ſhews
The uſe and value of its numerous bleſſings.

Robb'd of her cheering light, what woes attend
On helpleſs wretched man! ſelf-preſervation,
By gracious heaven implanted in his frame,
Oft in the hand of providence a guard
Amid ſurrounding dangers, then forſakes him.

Were reaſon's beam withdrawn, life would be death,
Exiſtence a mere blank;—the ſweets of life
Be taſteleſs, and its bleſſings unenjoy'd;
Fame, pleaſure, riches, uſeleſs all, and vain;
And health and friends, (deareſt of comforts!) ſink
O'erwhelm'd in dark oblivion: dreadful ſtate;
Recoiling nature trembles at the thought!

O may my ſoul with gratitude ſincere,
And conſtant praiſe, adore the God of mercy,
Who gives this bleſſing ſtill to ſhine on me.
Lord, raiſe my gratitude, and tune my praiſe
To thy almighty goodneſs, which beſtows
On me this gift of reaſon, and continues

Its cheering ray; and may thy powerful grace
Assist me, O my God, still to devote
Reason, and life, and all my powers to thee,
Till this frail transient scene shall close in death.
Then may I rise, by angel-guards convoy'd,
To the bright mansions of eternal bliss.
There nobler praise, and worship all refin'd,
Unnumber'd hearts, unnumber'd tongues employ,
And joys unknown to mortals.—Reason there,
Shall shine with perfect and unclouded lustre;
And all my powers exalted and renew'd,
Glow with immortal vigour.—There my voice,
Tun'd to the strains of paradise, shall join
With saints and seraphs, in transporting songs
To thee, the source of everlasting joy.

On reading Mr. Hervey's Meditations.

HAPPY the man, whom grace divine has taught
To raise to nobler scenes the flying thought;
Beyond the bounds of sense and time to soar,
And awful immortality explore.

Amid the chill of death's tremendous gloom,
And all the dreary horrors of the tomb,
He walks ſerene—'tis heaven with ſacred ray,
Darts through the ſable ſhade a glimpſe of day;
Faith views the dawning bliſs with raptur'd eye,
And bears his thoughts and hopes above the ſky.

Yet, o'er the ruins of mankind he weeps,
O'er mortal hope which here in ſilence ſleeps;
But from the pitying tear, the pious woe,
Celeſtial truths with ſoft perſuaſion flow.
He from theſe ſilent teachers, bids us learn
Our certain fate, our infinite concern.
To realms of life he points the radiant way,
Where death reſigns his univerſal ſway;
And this frail, dying frame, renew'd, ſhall ſhine,
Safe from decay in ſplendors all divine.

Thus Hervey mourns; his kind inſtructive page,
Full of compaſſion for a thoughtleſs age,
In all the charms of eloquence appears,
And wakes our pleaſure, while it ſteals our tears.

Now riſing from the dark retreats of death,
Soft as the morning Zephyr's gentle breath,

His

His language flows, and cheers our fainting powers,
With all the ſweetneſs of the opening flowers,
Diſplays the beauties of the blooming race:
Their various beauties, though with matchleſs grace,
They ſcorn the pencil's art; yet flouriſh here,
In bright deſcription all their charms appear;
Charms, which the heedleſs, unobſerving eye,
Or ſlightly views, or wholly paſſes by:
But to the heaven-taught mind, how bright they
ſhine,
Mark'd with the traces of the hand divine!
Their ſweets collected with engaging art,
At once regale the ſenſe, and cheer the heart.

While all our powers obey the ſoft controul,
To beauty's ſource he leads the enraptur'd ſoul;
To Jeſus leads, the everlaſting Fair!
In the dear name ten thouſand charms appear;
Beneath the heavenly radiance of his eye,
Created beauties droop, and fade, and die.

Thou Sun of righteouſneſs, thy beams impart,
And bleſs my eyes, and warm my languid heart;

O let me dwell beneath thy light divine,
And nature's charms contented I reſign.

But oh! what mortal eye can bear the ray,
When thy full glories beam etherial day?
The brighteſt ſeraphs, veil'd before thy throne,
Adoring low, the dazling ſplendors own
Too ſtrong for finite natures to ſuſtain,
Thy praiſe too lofty for their nobleſt ſtrain.

Come, gentle evening, cheer my fainting ſenſe,
Pain'd and oppreſs'd with glories too intenſe.
The evening comes—all mild, and ſweet, and fair;
The duſk how grateful! how ſerene the air?—
Yet ſtill my ſoul would ſee her Saviour God,
The living ſource of all that's fair and good:
His beauties, though at humble diſtance, view
And trace him in the ſcenes his pencil drew.
His bright perfections round me are diſplay'd,
The morn, the noon, the grateful evening ſhade,
Preſent his different glories to the ſight,
Or ſtrike with wonder, or inſpire delight.
His power and love, in plenty's ſmiling form,
O'er the wide fields each grateful boſom warm.
From him, the gentle evening-breezes ſpring,
And waft refreſhment on their balmy wing.

His

His beauty glitters in the pearly dew,
And ſmiles amid the bright etherial blue
Which paints yon ſpacious arch; and charms our eyes
In clouds of gold, which ſtreak the weſtern ſkies.
And now the ſhining lamps of heaven advance,
Rang'd in bright order o'er the fair expanſe!
Like lamps they ſparkle on the unaided ſight;
But nearer view'd in philoſophic light,
Prodigious orbs, unnumber'd worlds ariſe!
New ſcenes of wonder meet our gazing eyes!

Jeſus, thy glory, beaming from afar,
Great ſource of light, illumines every ſtar.
Thy word inform'd the planets where to roll,
And ſtation'd every orb that gilds the pole.
To thee, 'midſt all the glories of the ſkies,
To thee alone I raiſe my longing eyes:
" Bright morning ſtar, ariſe with healing ray,
" Ariſe and chaſe the ſhades of night away,
" Sweet harbinger of everlaſting day.

A Simile.

OFT have I view'd the flowers while bright and gay,
They gave their beauties to the noon-tide ray.

But ſhort alas their bloom, and ſoon they fade,
Unbleſs'd with cooling ſhowers, or friendly ſhade.
See the clouds blacken, heavy ſhowers deſcend,
The weak, ſoft race o'erladen, droop and bend,
Recline their languid heads, and ſeem to mourn,
Till the ſtorm ceaſe, and ſunny beams return;
Then ſmiling, riſe more lovely, bright and fair,
And with new ſweets perfume the ambient air.

Thus, to the ſoul affliction oft ſupplies
New life, and bids declining virtue riſe,
The ſtorm which ſeem'd awhile to oppreſs, revives
Each fading grace, and ſtrength and beauty gives.
Their drooping powers, by heaven's kind influence fed,
A fairer bloom, and ſweeter fragrance ſpread.

Preſt

Preſt with affliction, let me then conclude,
That ſtorms and ſunſhine, (kind viciſſitude:)
Are mingled bleſſings, meant to work my good.

A Meditation on Death.

COME bid adieu, my ſoul, to earthly pleaſures.—
Illuſive phantoms! diſtant how they ſmile,
Fair as the colours of the radiant bow;
But nearer fade upon the cheated eye,
Loſe all their luſtre, or diſſolve in air.
Ah, think how ſoon theſe dreams will flit away;
How ſoon theſe gayly-tempting forms will ſink
In death's eternal ſhade!—Death onward comes
With haſty ſtep, though unperceiv'd and ſilent.
Perhaps (alarming thought!) perhaps he aims
E'en now the fatal blow that ends my life,
O let me then, arous'd, reflect in time,
And make this awful, this important theme
Familiar to my thoughts! Awake, my ſoul,
Nor, careleſs, ſlumber on the brink of fate.
With conſtant warnings, with loud admonitions,

Can

Can I be unconcern'd? At length my eyes,
Long held in mists or cheated with false visions,
Begin to open on the awful scene.
Let idly-active fancy, now no more
Spread her gay flattering colours to my view;
But aid my better thoughts, and represent
Important truths in all their striking forms.

Behold the gaping tomb! it seems to speak,
With silent horror, to my shivering heart;
Bids me survey my swift approaching doom,
And view the dark retreat which waits my coming.

O death, thou king of terrors! dreadful name!
What tongue can e'er describe, what thought can image
The scenes of horror that surround thy throne?
From thy wide-wasting hand what vast destruction
Is pour'd on all the tribes of wretched mortals?
Behold, on every side the scatter'd bones
Pave all the dreary mansion, and impart
Chill melancholy to the sinking spirits,
While all aghast I stand, and fix mine eyes
On the dire prospect! O thou gloomy Monarch,
Are these the trophies of thy conquering arms?

Nor reverend hoary age, nor blooming youth,
Nor boaſted ſtrength eſcape thy fatal dart,
Not the perſuaſive power of beauty's charms,
Nor the ſoft moving tears of innocence
Can ſtay thy hand: nor can the miſer's gold,
Nor all the treaſures of the eaſtern ſhore
Buy one ſhort moment of relentleſs death.

Not ev'n the good man's virtues ought avail
To ward the direful ſtroke; nor all the prayers
And ardent wiſhes of the grateful poor
Fed from his table, and who daily knew
The bleſſings of his charitable hand.
See, his ſad relatives, his mournful friends
Around his dying bed! what ſilent ſorrow
Sits on each viſage, while their ſtreaming eyes
And wringing hands confeſs their inward anguiſh!
Who can deſcribe the unutterable woe
Which fills their hearts, to ſee a father, brother,
A friend, in whom their all of earthly bliſs
Was center'd, gaſping on the verge of life?
And ev'n the ſad remains of hope are loſt.
His every dying groan augments their tears,
And the cold ſweats declare his exit nigh;
'Till the laſt breath conſigns them to deſpair.
Heart-rending pain! Inexorable death!

Then,

Then, O my ſoul, ſince this deluding world,
With all her boaſted ſtores, has nought to give
That can procure an hour's, a moment's pauſe,
When death commiſſion'd aims the parting ſtroke;
Nor this weak frame, this mortal tenement
Of feeble texture, long ſuſtain the aſſault
Of his attendants, ſickneſs, pain and ſorrow;
Seek, timely ſeek, while mercy points the way,
A firm, clear title to thoſe bleſt abodes,
Prepar'd on high, unconſcious of decay:
That when this tottering frame, (not built to laſt,)
Frail houſe of clay, which ſhakes with every wind,
Diſſolves, and falls a heap of duſt and ruin;
In realms of light I may for ever dwell,
In manſions never form'd by mortal hands,
Beyond the reach of ſorrow, pain, or death.

O may my name but find ſome humble place
In the bright records of the court of heaven,
Sign'd with the atoning blood of my Redeemer!
May his almighty love cheer my laſt hours,
Shew me my ſins all cancell'd by his death,
And ſmiling open endleſs joy before me!
Then ſhall I triumph o'er my mortal foe,
And with exulting, heavenly tranſport ſay,

O death, where is thy ſting? and where, O grave,
Inſatiate grave, is thy victorious power?
Then ſhall my laſt expiring accents breathe
His bliſsful name, who, dying, vanquiſh'd death,
And purchas'd life, immortal life, for me—
Jeſus, my Lord, my Saviour, and my all!

To Delia.

I.

THE gifts indulgent heaven beſtows,
Are variouſly convey'd;
The human mind, like nature knows
Alternate light and ſhade.

II.

While changing aſpects all things wear,
Can we expect to find
Unclouded ſunſhine all the year,
Or conſtant peace of mind?

III.

More gaily ſmiles the blooming ſpring,
When wintry ſtorms are o'er;
Retreating ſorrow thus may bring
Delights unknown before.

IV. Then

IV.

Then, Delia, ſend your fears away,
Nor ſink in gloomy care,
Though clouds o'erſpread the ſcene to day,
Tomorrow may be fair.

To Amira on her Marriage.

WHILE round you hourly gratulations riſe,
And joy and happineſs, (gay ſoothing ſounds)
Salute your ear; accept the artleſs wiſh
That friendſhip dictates, breathing from the heart.

May gracious heaven the happy union crown,
Propitious ſtill and kind, with all the bliſs
Which mortals can enjoy; may health, and peace,
And love, and friendſhip, guide the circling hours.
Soft roll the circling hours, ſerene and fair,
Still brightening as they roll: may true content
With kindly mixture ſweeten every care,
'Till ſcarce the unpleaſing tincture can be found.

But

But earthly bliſs is ever mix'd with pain,
And thorns among its flowery pleaſures grow;
May all the joys, the nobler, purer joys
Religion yields, be yours; to fairer ſcenes,
And brighter proſpects, may your hopes aſcend;
While heaven-born faith preſents a charming glimpſe
Of that immortal paradiſe on high,
Where pleaſure blooms without a thorny care,
And friendſhip ſmiles beyond the reach of pain.

The PLEASURES of SPRING.

NOW reigns the lovely ſpring in all her pride,
And ſpreads her verdant robe, adorn'd with flowers,
Around the fields and meads; they cheerful ſmile
In her gay livery dreſt; the whiſpering winds
Breathe ſoft, and on their balmy wings convey
Reviving ſweets; the feathered choir awake
Their artleſs ſongs, and all the enchanting ſcene

Is harmony and beauty: nature's charms
Subdue the heart, and every ſenſe is fill'd!

But while the eye roves o'er the blooming mead
With careleſs pleaſure, or the liſtening ear
Attends the ſoothing muſick of the grove;
Think, whither does the ſoft enchantment tend?
Are nature's various beauties lent for this,
Only to pleaſe the ſenſe? For nobler ends
The God of nature gave them. Nature ſpreads
An open volume, where in every page
We read the wonders of almighty power;
Infinite wiſdom, and unbounded love.
Here ſweet inſtruction, entertaining truths
Reward the ſearching mind, and onward lead
Enquiring thought; new beauties ſtill unfold,
And opening wonders riſe upon the view.
The mind, rejoicing, comments as ſhe reads;
While through the inſpiring page, conviction glows,
And warms to praiſe her animated powers.

How great, how glorious, is the ſovereign hand,
Which forms ſo beauteous every plant and flower,
And on the vegetable world inſcribes,
In lively characters, his wonderous name?
While active life ſpeaks in a thouſand forms,

Power,

Power, wiſdom, and beneficence divine
The parts of nature in their juſt proportion,
Uniting, harmonizing, blend to form
One perfect ſyſtem; truth and beauty ſmile,
Inviting contemplation upward ſtill,
From ſtep to ſtep, till at their glorious ſource
Arriv'd, the ſoul in low proſtration bends,
Adoring, with ſubmiſſive, ſilent awe
The Great Unſearchable, the wonderous name,
Which creature praiſe can never, never reach!

On the Sickness of a Friend.

I.

SHALL fond expectance lean on earthly friends,
Since earthly friends, (alas!) are born to die;
And diſappointment waits, and grief attends
The beſt, the deareſt joys below the ſky?

II.

Why will this wretched, this deluded heart
So faſt to earth's uncertain comforts cleave?
'Tis but to cheriſh pain, to treaſure ſmart,
And teach the unavailing ſigh to heave.

III.

Great ſource of good, attend my plaintive cries
My weakneſs with indulgent pity ſee,
And teach this reſtleſs, anxious heart to riſe,
And center all its hopes and joys in thee.

IV.

Then, ſhould my deareſt earthly comforts die,
Should every friend (diſtreſſing thought!) depart;
My refuge, my unfailing friend on high,
Will never, never leave this trembling heart.

V.

Should ſorrow like a whelming deluge roll,
And gloomy death appear on every wave;
Then hope, bleſt anchor, ſhall ſuſtain my ſoul,
And faith ſhall riſe and triumph o'er the grave.

VI.

Then ſhall I meet my much lov'd friends above,
Safe landed on the ever-peaceful ſhore,
The bliſsful regions of immortal love,
Where happineſs and friendſhip part no more.

The FETTERED MIND.

I.

AH! why ſhould this immortal mind,
Enſlav'd by ſenſe, be thus confin'd,
And never, never riſe?
Why thus amus'd with empty toys,
And ſooth'd with viſionary joys,
Forget her native ſkies?

II.

The mind was form'd to mount ſublime,
Beyond the narrow bounds of time,
To everlaſting things;
But earthly vapours cloud her ſight,
And hang with cold oppreſſive weight
Upon her drooping wings.

III.

The world employs its various ſnares,
Of hopes and pleaſures, pains and cares,
And chain'd to earth I lie:
When ſhall my fetter'd powers be free,
And leave theſe ſeats of vanity,
And upward learn to fly.

IV.

Bright ſcenes of bliſs, unclouded ſkies,
Invite my ſoul: O could I riſe,
Nor leave a thought below;
I'd bid farewel to anxious care,
And ſay to every tempting ſnare,
Heaven calls, and I muſt go.

V.

Heaven calls! and can I yet delay?
Can ought on earth engage my ſtay?
Ah wretched, lingering heart!
Come, Lord, with ſtrength, and life, and light,
Aſſiſt, and guide my upward flight,
And bid the world depart.

VI.

One word of thy reſiſtleſs power,
Can bid my joyful ſpirit ſoar,
And ſcorn the feeble chain:
Come, bear my raptur'd thoughts above,
On pinions of ſeraphic love;
And earth ſhall tempt in vain.

VII.

In vain, her ſyren voice may try,
To lure me downward, from the ſky,

To this dark vale of tears;
How will her tranſient glories fade,
And unregarded ſink in ſhade,
When heaven's bright dawn appears?

VIII.

So, wandering meteors of the night,
Amuſe the weary traveller's ſight,
With fair deceitful ray;
But all their glimmering luſtre flies,
And every gay deluſion dies,
When Phœbus wakes the day.

To a Friend in Trouble.

IF when the tender ſympathizing ſigh,
Swells the full heart, or melts the pitying eye,
The ſoft compaſſion could convey relief,
This heart ſhould leſſen, while it ſhar'd your grief.
Uncheck'd the ſigh ſhould riſe, the ſorrow flow,
And pleaſure mingle with the kindred woe.
But this is vain, 'tis not in nature's power
To cheer, with lightſome rays, the gloomy hour.
The ſoothing voice of friendſhip may beguile
Our cares, and ſorrow wear a tranſient ſmile.

Poor ſolace; ſoon the ſpreading gloom returns,
The heart that fain would comfort, only mourns.
Ah, wretched ſtate! muſt friendſhip ever ſhare,
Yet never hope to eaſe the load of care,
Partake the anguiſh of infectious grief,
And wiſh, in vain, to bring a kind relief?
Ah, wretched ſtate! each aking heart replies,
Till fainting, dying, hope begins to riſe:
Hope, heaven-born comforter, with cheerful air,
Sheds her kind luſtre o'er the ſcenes of care;
Her gentle whiſper calms the riſing ſigh,
And weeping ſorrow lifts her tearful eye;
Nor lifts in vain, at his ſupreme command,
Who holds our welfare in his gracious hand:
His gracious hand alone, has power to heal,
Who pities, while he deals the pains we feel.
The ſprings of life are his; and cares and pains
Fulfil whate'er his ſacred will ordains.
He knows what moſt we need: when ſkill divine
Preſents a bitter draught, ſhall we repine?
While mercy mingles all with lenient art,
To eaſe the anguiſh of the throbbing heart.
The ſteps of providence, though we in vain
Attempt to trace, while clouds o'erſpread the ſcene;

Its dealings all are juſt, and wiſe, and kind;
Our leſſon this—" Be humble and reſign'd!"
Through wilds and thorny paths our journey lies,
And darkneſs terrifies, and dangers riſe.
O may our heavenly Father's guardian care,
Preſerve our ſteps from every fatal ſnare:
Be his almighty arm our guide, our ſtay,
Through all the toils and terrors of the way.
No dangers can affright, if God is near,
A preſent God can baniſh every fear;
His gracious ſmile can make the darkneſs fly,
Smooth all the road, and brighten all the ſky.
" He is our ſun:" his ſoul-reviving light,
Alone, can chaſe the horrors of the night,
" He is our ſhield:" when darts fly thick around,
They fall repell'd, and fix no deadly wound.
Our God! our Guide! O may we never ſtray,
But truſt his care, and keep the heavenly way;
Till ſafe we reach the happy ſeats of peace,
And darkneſs, grief, and pain, and danger ceaſe.

The Absent Muse.

I.

HOW ſoft roll'd the hours, how ſerene was my heart,
When the Muſe my companion, and friend,
Unknown to ambition, a ſtranger to art,
Deign'd oft on my call to attend!

II.

While ſhe ſooth'd all my cares, and my paſſions to reſt,
(Sweet moments, why would you not ſtay?)
Delighted and eaſy, I thought myſelf bleſt,
Nor envy'd the great, nor the gay.

III.

Ye gentle deluſions! ye dreams of delight!
And will ye approach me no more?
Shall the ſcene be a deſart, o'erſhaded with night,
Which was ſunſhine and Eden before?

IV. No,

IV.

No, the pleaſures were real, though ſoon they withdrew;
And my cares I will call a long dream;
If the Muſe will return, and preſent to my view
The ſcenes which were once my glad theme.

V.

When Urania appears, o'er the field and the grove,
New verdure and beauty ſhall riſe;
The proſpect ſhall brighten where-ever I rove,
And Eden again meet my eyes.

VI.

How vain the dear hope!—She deſpiſes the lays
Which I once fondly thought ſhe inſpir'd;
Unfetter'd, tranſported, with Hervey ſhe ſtrays,
Applauded, belov'd, and admir'd.

The WASTE of TIME:—Occaſioned by hearing theſe Lines repeated.

" Another, and another, and the laſt,
" Are copies of the dull, defective paſt.

" THE DULL, DEFECTIVE!" 'tis too faint a name,
For vile ingratitude, for guilt, and ſhame!—
Such is my conduct, when I waſte away
In trifles, or in indolence, a day.
Each future minute is beyond my power:
Can India's mines procure a ſingle hour?
O much-neglected time, thy worth how high!
Not thy leaſt particle, the world can buy.
When heaven beſtows this boon, it bids employ,
(O bleſt command!) in ſeeking endleſs joy.
And ſhall my thoughtleſs heart, ungrateful, waſte
The preſent hour, as I have done the paſt?
Forbid it, gracious God! O let my ſoul
Obey reflection's ſtrict, but kind coutroul;

And

And humbly bend before that awful eye,
Which marks my ſquander'd minutes as they fly;
With deep contrition bend, and ardent pray
That love may turn his angry frown away:
Indulgent love through that atoning blood,
In which alone I can approach to God.

To thee, great Advocate, to thee I fly,
And on thy righteouſneſs alone rely.
O may thy ſpirit cleanſe this guilty heart,
My pardon ſeal, and ſtrength divine impart;
And may my hours, if future hours are lent,
To nobler, higher purpoſes be ſpent.

The Death-watch.

A Death-watch! how diſtinct it beats!—in vain
It beats to me, nor brings one anxious pain.
Thou gloomy inſect, oft inſpiring fear,
Dreadful to ſuperſtition's liſtening ear;
How many ſtart to hear thy fancy'd knell,
Diſmal and ſolemn as a paſſing bell!

And why muſt harmleſs inſects be accus'd,
When daily, hourly warnings are refus'd?
Each day, each hour, accoſts my ear, or eye,
Some monitor, which bids prepare to die.

See yonder ſtalk! there lately grew a flower,
'Tis gone, its glowing colours are no more.
That buſh, where roſes ſmil'd and breath'd perfume!
How ſweet their fragrance, and how gay their bloom!
A few days ſince they bloom'd, now dropt and loſt:
Frail mortal life, behold how vain thy boaſt!
Hark, near my ſide, the clock with ſolemn ſound,
Tells me how time purſues his conſtant round!
Life on the wings of time flies ſwift away;
My laſt will come, and this may be the day.
Each pain I feel, and every plaintive ſigh,
What does it ſpeak? this truth--"I ſoon muſt die."
Muſt die! Is this a melancholy ſound,
When endleſs life begins its bliſsful round?
Thy poiſon'd arrow, death, wounds not the heart,
Which in the Saviour's blood can claim a part.
May this bleſt hope, (dear ſolace of my ſoul!)
With heavenly comfort all my fears controul.

While faith points upward to the bleſt abode,
Of life immortal, and my Saviour God,
May that bright world its radiant dawn impart,
And be each hour, a Death-watch to my heart.

The Friend.

HE is a Friend, who ſcorns the little ſphere,
Of narrow ſelf, and finds a joy ſincere
To ſee another bleſt; whoſe generous heart
To all around would happineſs impart,
If happineſs were his: whoſe boſom glows
With warmth the frozen ſtoic never knows,
Divine benevolence, where friendſhip reigns,
And piety the ſacred flame maintains.
This is the tye inviolate, which binds
In mutual friendſhip, harmonizing minds,
A friend thus form'd, is form'd to give delight,
To brighten joy, and gild affliction's night:
His heart exults whene'er his friends rejoice,
And every pleaſing power at friendſhip's voice,
Awakes to life, and bids the tranſport riſe
In grateful adoration to the ſkies.

But ah, how ſhort the bright untroubled hour!
Soon clouds ariſe, and ſtorms impending lower,
And oft they burſt upon the fainting heart;
Then friendſhip ſhews her nobleſt, kindeſt art,
Suſtains the drooping powers, and helps to bear
The well-divided load of mutual care,
If griefs oppreſs, or threatening woes impend,
Dear ſolace then, to find a real friend!
He is a real friend, whoſe paſſions know
The anguiſh of communicated woe;
Who feels the deep diſtreſs when ſorrow mourns,
And from his inmoſt heart the ſigh returns.
The kindred ſigh conveys a ſtrange relief:
How cordial is ſociety in grief!
Leſs are the woes, and lighter are the cares,
Which gentle, ſympathizing friendſhip ſhares.
When humbly at the throne of grace we bend,
And aſk its kindeſt bleſſings for a friend;
When for a friend our warmeſt wiſhes riſe
In holy breathings to the pitying ſkies;
The ſacred precept warrants thoſe deſires,
And heaven will ſure approve, what heaven inſpires.

O may

O may I make my friends diſtreſs my own,
Nor let my heart, unhappy, grieve alone:
In ſorrow, may I never want a friend,
Nor when the wretched mourn, a tear to lend.

On Children's Play.

I.

OFT when the child in wanton play
Exerts his little powers,
And buſy, trifling, toils away
In ſports the circling hours;

II.

We ſmile to ſee his infant mind
So eager, ſo intent;
But growing years new follies find,
As much on trifles bent.

III.

Youth has its toys, when pleaſure's charms
The fond purſuit invite:
But pleaſure mocks the extended arms;
Vain ſhadow of delight!

IV. What

IV.

What are the joys of riper age?
By time is folly cur'd?
No, trifles ſtill the heart engage,
And vanity matur'd.

V.

If glittering riches tempt the eyes,
An envy'd valu'd ſtore;
Thus children ſhells and counters prize,
And hoard and wiſh for more.

VI.

Or if aſpiring fame employs
The eager, gazing train;
The paper-kite of ſportive boys,
Is not more light and vain.

VII.

Unſatisfy'd, and tir'd at laſt,
We muſt reſign our breath,
(Life's empty cares and follies paſt,)
And evening cloſe in death.

VIII.

Thus children weary of their play,
With fretfulneſs oppreſt,
Throw all their little toys away,
And gently ſink to reſt.

IX.

Happy the mind, by heaven inſpir'd
To ſcorn earth's empty toys;
And with divine ambition fir'd,
Purſue ſublimer joys!

X.

Then, when the cares of life are o'er,
The parting ſoul ſhall riſe,
And ſcenes of happineſs explore,
Immortal in the ſkies.

The PATH of LIFE.

WHAT is this world with all its gay delights?
A gloomy wilderneſs of wide extent,
Where many winding paths perplex the choice,
And lead the unwary traveller's feet aſtray.
Here ſmiles an eaſy ſmooth deſcending road,
In verdure cloath'd, and ſpread with blooming flowers:
The ſcene how fair!—but ruin waits its end.
There rugged looks the path, thick ſet with thorns,

Where many toil their weary hours away,
In ſearch of happineſs amid the duſt.
What crouds of wretched, erring minds I ſee,
Still diſappointed, yet perſiſting ſtill,
All ſtrangers to the way which leads to reſt!
A thouſand dangers, and a thouſand ſnares
Attend their ſteps; before them is a ſcene
Of various grief; a labyrinth of woe;
A dark, damp vale of tears. Though now and then,
Proſperity's gay flattering ſunſhine ſmiles,
Its brighteſt day is ſhort, declining faſt
If not o'ercaſt with ſable clouds at noon.
And oft its brighteſt day, more fatal proves,
Than dark adverſity's tempeſtuous night.
It ſhines with fickly ray, and ſpreads around
Malignant ills; malignant to the mind,
Stubborn diſeaſe, which med'cine cannot cure.
And if adverſity's cold, wintry blaſt
Invade the ſhivering heart, then comfort dies,
And ſolitary hope juſt lives, to warm
With ſome faint gleams of poſſible relief.

Thus pondering o'er the gloomy ſcenes of life,
The penſive muſe attun'd her plaintive ſong.
Her eye dejected fix'd upon the ground,

Where thorny cares ſpontaneous riſe, ſhe ſigh'd,
And wiſh'd a fairer proſpect! ſmiling hope
Soft-whiſpering, bids her lift her downcaſt eye,
And view the wild attentive. Now ſhe ſees
A beam etherial, dawning o'er the gloom
With cheering luſtre, permanent and mild.
'Tis mercy! ſaving mercy! ſhe can ſhield
From every ill, the trembling, truſting ſoul.
Beneath the ſhelter of her guardian wing,
Not gay proſperity's malignant glow
Shall ſcorch, nor cold adverſity ſhall freeze.
Amid the devious labyrinth ſhe marks
The path divine, where heavenly wiſdom leads
Her favour'd votaries; narrow path, but ſafe.
There real pleaſures riſe, and ſacred peace
Attend their ſteps; if thorny cares, too near,
Inflict a wound, kind mercy inſtant pours
A ſovereign balm, to eaſe the burning pain.
There walks humility with cautious ſtep;
On wiſdom, gracious guide, ſhe leans ſecure.
A thouſand lurking ſnares her feet eſcape,
And o'er her head a thouſand dangers fly,
Fly harmleſs. Patience there, and cheerful hope,
Walk hand in hand; and faith with piercing eye

Looks forward through the ſhades, and joyful marks
Her journey's end, the radiant ſeats of day.

" Here, fix your choice;" (immortal wiſdom cries,)
" To you, O ſons of men, to you I call:
" O turn from erring folly. Fatal guide;
" Her way is danger, and it ends in death:
" Turn to my path, here only can you find
" Content, which wretched thouſands ſeek in vain.
" My path is ſafety; and it leads to life,
" To life immortal, in the realms of bliſs!"

Indulgent mercy wafts the heavenly ſound,
Reviving to my heart! Yes, glorious guide,
To thy unerring conduct I reſign
My ſteps, and bleſs the ever-gracious power,
Which beam'd a ray of heaven o'er this dark wild,
And led my feet to thy celeſtial path,
The path of peace, and life, and endleſs joy.

To the Votaries of Pleasure.

YE mirthful tribes, who careleſs, vain and gay,
In pleaſure's flowery paths, untiring ſtray;
Say, can you boaſt content? Ah, no; the ſigh
Involuntary, breathes your ſad reply.
And conſcience ſpeaks: attend the friendly power;
Indulge one ſerious, one reflecting hour.
Earth's ſoft allurements, empty, light and vain,
Are dreams of joy; you wake to real pain.
When pleaſure dawns, ſerenely fair and bright,
'Tis ſhaded ſoon with clouds, and loſt in night:
Yet ſtill you fondly court its flattering ſmiles;
Again it glitters, and again beguiles;
Will you be tempted thus with painted charms,
And follow ſhadows with extended arms?
While nobler pleaſures ſtand neglected by,
Nor move your heart, nor raiſe your languid eye?
Delights refin'd, and laſting, court your choice,
And heavenly wiſdom ſues with melting voice:

" How long, deluded, wretched ſouls; how long
" Shall pleaſure ſooth you with her ſyren ſong?
" Ah fly the fatal ſmile, the enchanting ſtrain,
" And let the gay deceiver tempt in vain."
Turn at the friendly call; O yet be wiſe,
To real pleaſures raiſe your cheated eyes.
May the kind admonition, deep impreſt,
Dwell on your hearts, and teach you to be bleſt!
Think where you tread!—the path which looks
ſo gay,
Is ruin's ſure, inevitable way.
Think—life immortal, or eternal death,
Precarious trembles on a moment's breath.
This ſingle moment's yours—the next may bear
Your ſouls to endleſs darkneſs and deſpair.
Fly from the world's deluding, tempting wiles,
While time is yours, and heavenly mercy ſmiles:
From ſin, from all its foul-deſtroying charms,
Fly to the great Redeemer's open arms.
Now with a gentle, kind, inviting voice,
He calls, he courts you to immortal joys,
O hear thoſe winning accents, hear and prove
The boundleſs bleſſings of his pardoning love.
E'er long, that ſlighted voice, with dreadful ſound,
Shall with the keeneſt pangs of terror wound;

Shall

Shall wound thoſe guilty ſouls, who dare deſpiſe
His ſovereign grace; nor life nor glory prize.
Before his dreadful bar you muſt appear:
That awful, that tremendous hour, how near
To you unknown; yet every moment brings
The important period nearer on its wings.
How will your now unmov'd, relentleſs heart
Then bear the word, the dreadful word, Depart?
Depart condemn'd, accurſed down to hell,
Where black deſpair, and endleſs torment dwell?
In time reflect, and tremble at the view,
The fatal path to death no more purſue.
Fly for your lives, to ſafety inſtant fly;
Ah, wretched lingering ſouls, why will you die?
While heavenly patience lengthens out your day,
And God's unerring word directs the way,
O ſeize the fleeting hour, the precious Now,
And at the Saviour's feet, for mercy bow.

On the PUBLICK FAST, Feb. 6, 1756.

I.

SEE, gracious God, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy ſovereign grace alone,
Our humble hopes depend.

II.

* Tremendous judgments from thy hand,
Thy dreadful power diſplay;
Yet mercy ſpares this guilty land,
And yet we live to pray.

III.

Great God, and why is Britain ſpar'd,
Ungrateful as we are?
O be theſe awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries forbear.

IV. What

* Earthquake at Liſbon, &c.

IV.

What numerous crimes increaſing riſe
O'er all this wretched iſle!
What land ſo favour'd of the ſkies,
And yet what land ſo vile?

V.

How chang'd, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and ſhame!
What impious numbers, bold in ſin,
Diſgrace the chriſtian name!

VI.

O bid us turn, almighty Lord,
By thy reſiſtleſs grace;
Then ſhall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly ſeek thy face.

VII.

Then ſhould inſulting foes invade,
We ſhall not ſink in fear;
Secure of never failing aid,
If God, our God, is near.

NATIONAL JUDGMENTS DEPRECATED.

On the FAST. Feb. 11, 1757.

I.

WHILE juſtice waves her vengeful hand
Tremendous o'er a guilty land,
Almighty God, thy awful power,
With fear and trembling, we adore.

II.

Where ſhall we fly, but to thy feet?
Our only refuge is thy ſeat;
Thy ſeat, where potent mercy pleads,
And holds thy thunder from our heads.

III.

While peace and plenty bleſs'd our days,
Where was the tribute of thy praiſe?
Ungrateful race! how have we ſpent
The bleſſings which thy goodneſs lent?

IV.

Pale famine now, and waſting war,
With threatening frown thy wrath declare;
But war and famine are thy ſlaves,
Nor can deſtroy when mercy ſaves.

V. Look

V.

Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye;
Though loud our crimes for vengeance cry,
Let mercy's louder voice prevail,
Nor thy long ſuffering patience fail.

VI.

Encourag'd by thy ſacred word,
May we not plead the bleſt record,
That when a humble nation mourns,
Thy riſing wrath to pity turns.

VII.

O let thy ſovereign grace impart
Contrition to each rocky heart,
And bid ſincere repentance flow,
A general, undiſſembled woe.

VIII.

Our arms, O God of armies, bleſs,
(Thy hand alone can give ſucceſs,)
And make our haughty neighbours own
That heaven protects the Britiſh Throne.

IX.

Fair ſmiling peace again reſtore,
With plenty bleſs the pining poor,
And may a happy thankful land
Obedient own thy guardian hand.

On the Same. Pleading for Mercy.

I.

COME, let our ſouls adore the Lord,
Whoſe judgments yet delay,
Who yet ſuſpends the lifted ſword,
And gives us leave to pray.

II.

In armies, fleets, or ſtrong allies,
No more we place our truſt;
On God alone, our hope relies,
Kind, potent, wiſe and juſt.

III.

Great is our guilt, our fears are great;
But let us not deſpair;
Still open is the mercy-ſeat
To penitence and prayer.

VI

Kind Interceſſor, to thy love
This bleſſed hope we owe;
O let thy merits plead above,
While we implore below.

V. O gracious

V.

O gracious God, for Jesus' sake,
Attend thy Britain's cry;
Nor let the kindling vengeance break
Destructive from thine eye.

VI.

Though justice near thy awful throne,
Attends thy dread command,
Lord, hear thy servants, hear thy Son,
And save a guilty land.

National Judgments and Mercies a Call to Repentance. Nov. 1757.

I.

LONG has divine compassion strove
With this rebellious land;
O justice, long has pleading love
Withheld thy dreadful hand.

II.

At length, ye Britons, lift your eyes,
Your crimes no more pursue;
Behold the gathering tempest rise,
And tremble at the view!

III. See,

III.

See, fraught with vengeance how it spreads!
To mercy instant fly;
E'er yet it burst upon your heads,
Repent, repent—or die.

IV.

Late raging storms, 'twas mercy stay'd,
Her voice destruction heard,
The impetuous winds her voice obey'd,
And awful justice spar'd.

V.

Shall every warning be in vain
Your ruin to prevent?
Indulgent mercy calls again,
Return, repent! repent!

VI.

The voice, ye Britons, hear with awe,
O hear, and turn to God;
Left mercy, long abus'd, withdraw,
And leave you to the rod.

VII. Almighty

* Off Louisburgh.

VII.

Almighty God, thy powerful grace
Can change us, and forgive;
Can ſave a guilty rebel race,
And ſay, Repent, and live.

VIII.

O let thy powerful grace appear,
And juſtice ſheath her ſword;
Then ſhall a reſcued nation fear,
And love, and praiſe the Lord.

The END of the firſt VOLUME.

VII.

Almighty God, thy powerful grace
Can change us, and forgive;
Can save a guilty rebel race,
And say, Repent, and live.

VIII.

O let thy powerful grace appear,
And justify their sword;
Then shall a rescued nation fear,
And love, and praise the Lord.

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